HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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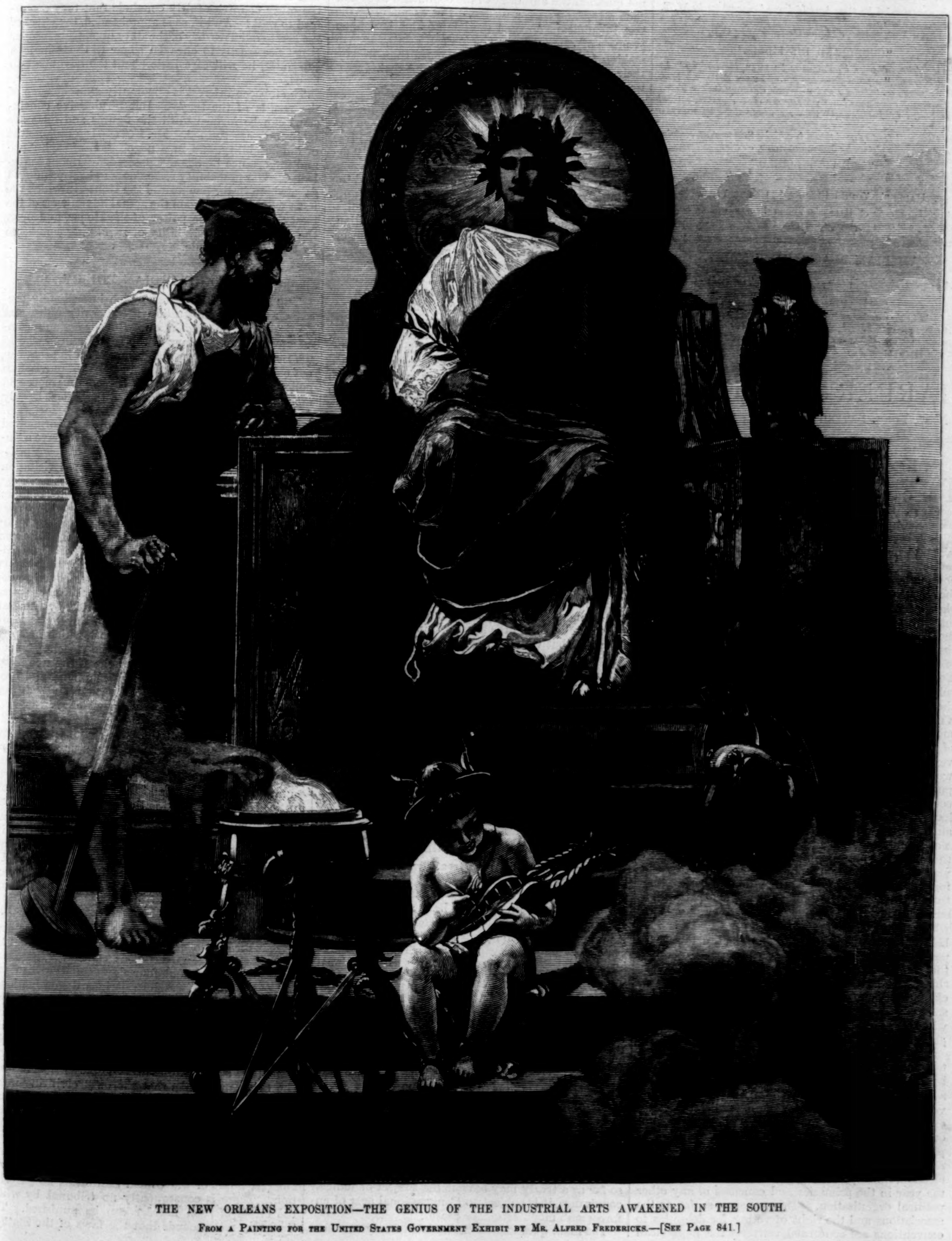


THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—THE GENIUS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS AWAKENED IN THE SOUTH.

From a Painting for the United States Government Exhibit by Mr. Alfred Fredericks.—[See Page 841.]

CAUTION.

In reply to numerous inquiries, we beg leave to say that the "Knickerbocker Subscription Agency," John H. Ireland, *Manager, is not authorized to refer to us.*

"A Christmas present which lasts all the year."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

Published December 16, contains a rich supply of reading matter and copious illustrations, all apropos of the glorious Christmas-tide. The leading story, by John R. Coryell, *is entitled*

"THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BERT DID NOT GIVE,"

and is accompanied by three beautiful wood-engravings by W. T. Smedley. *This is followed by a humorous little farce from the pen of* Matthew White, Jun., *with five illustrations by* C. D. Weldon.

"CUFFY AND HIS FIDDLE"

is an exquisite full-page, by Frederic Dielman, *inspired by "An Advent Serenade," a poem from the pen of* Lillie E. Barr. Mrs. M. E. Sangster *contributes a serious article entitled "On the Track of Christmas," and* Sherwood Ryse *relates a charming story entitled "The Sword of Hildebrand," with six illustrations by* Howard Pyle.

To this royal feast of good things is added a Supplement, *containing a double-page picture by* Jessie Shepherd, *entitled*

"THE CHRIST-CHILD."

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW STORY.

A new Serial Story by this popular novelist, entitled

"WHITE HEATHER,"

will begin in the number of Harper's Bazar *published December* 19.

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the same number, containing a double-page picture, entitled* "Dr. Johnson *and* Boswell *in Fleet Street," and "The Morning Prayer."*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 20, 1884.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

THE Republican central committees and associations in the cities of New York and Brooklyn have been recently engaged in settling the conditions of membership in the associations. This is an important subject, because only such members are permitted to take part in the elections to party conventions which define the position of the party and make the party nominations. As the city associations are voluntary, they may ordain conditions of membership at their pleasure. But their action, if it be unwise, affects the interests of the party in the State, and therefore in the country. The tests of membership, therefore, should be very carefully considered. It appears that of some 80,000 Republican voters in the city of New York not more than 10,000 or 12,000 are usually enrolled in the associations. If the Republican vote of the State be estimated at 550,000, it follows that with a membership of 12,000 in the city associations a little more than one-eighth of the whole Republican vote of the State would have no representation in the convention. The same relative situation in Brooklyn would increase the percentage of unrepresented Republicans, that is to say, Republicans who are not permitted to vote at the primaries. It may easily happen that the delegates selected by a sixth or an eighth of the actual Republican voters in New York and Brooklyn—the rest being excluded from the primaries—may control the action of the convention. Such action would necessarily destroy the force which attaches to a nomination proceeding from a free representation of the whole party, and strong party men may plead that nominations in which a very large proportion of the party is forbidden to take part are not "binding" in the usual party sense. Common-sense, therefore, suggests that the conditions of membership in such associations shall be of a character which can not reasonably exclude any conscientious Republican, because under such conditions the absence of a name from the roll will show only an indifference which can not complain of exclusion.

The New York County Committee, however, have taken another view. They have decided that it shall be the fundamental test of the right to be enrolled in a Republican association in the city that the applicant voted at the late election for the Republican electors, except in the cases of those who were not able to vote, or of those who are not attached to the Republican party. Such persons may be enrolled upon a declaration of intention to act with the party at the next election, and upon a pledge not to take part during the year in the primaries and caucuses of any other political organization. This measure, so far as the associations and the right of voting for delegates to conventions are concerned, converts the Republican party in the city of New York into a Blaine and Logan organization. The fundamental requirement for membership and for participation in the conventions of the party is not fidelity to Republican principles, but support of a particular nomination. It is clear that a man may be sincerely attached to the principles of a party, and yet unable conscientiously to support a particular candidate, even although he be "regularly" nominated. It is true that the majority must determine the nomination. But that fact does not change the conclusion that if an adherent of the party principles can not honestly support the candidate, and is for that reason refused a right to participate in the party primaries, he is refused, not because he does not hold the principles, but because he will not vote for the Devil if he be regularly nominated. That seems to us a sorry position for Republicans. We do not question the authority of the committee to ordain such a test and such a pledge. But as many of the best Republicans opposed the late nominations upon grounds of conscience, and as few self-respecting men seeking to be enrolled would do more than declare their faith in Republican principles and their intention to support Republican nominations, except for conscientious reasons, the action of the committee seems to be highly inexpedient. It secures for the enrollment the most unscrupulous and mercenary element of the party, and it excludes that which gives character and weight to a party. It necessarily deprives the city delegation of moral influence in a convention, and relaxes upon the general party mind the hold of any nomination which such a delegation may secure. If it be said that no effective party organization in the city is possible upon any other condition, the answer is plain and conclusive that then no organization can include the mass of the intelligent, capable, and self-respecting members of the party.

The managers who have decided this matter, and who thus reduce the organized party in the city to a few thousand members, of whom a few hundred, who are but clay in the hand of managing potters, will vote, have created a convenient agent for bargains and deals, but they have not strengthened the Republican party. If that were their object, they are practical politicians, and they know that practical politics have no foolish passions of resentment and revenge. If they lose an election, practical politicians coolly study the causes of defeat, and adapt their measures to remove them. If the obvious causes should appear to be "principle" and "conscience," practical politicians may despise them utterly, but as such follies will have shown their power, they will aim to conciliate the fools, by avoiding the kind of blunder which alienated them. The objective point of the practical politician is votes, and he adapts his means to his ends. One man's vote he will buy with money; another's with a promise of office, another's he will coerce with a threat, and the vote that he can not buy he will secure with an unexceptionable nomination. The committee exclude the very persons whom they ought to wish to recover. Where would the party be if the principle of the test were extended as logically it ought to be? How would it do to exclude from the membership all Republicans who voted, but who did not vote for every regularly nominated Republican candidate? It would not do at all. But that is the only consistent and logical test of the kind which was adopted. If it was permissible for a Republican to refuse support to the party candidate for Mayor this year, or for Governor in 1882, it was equally permissible to refuse support to the Presidential candidate. The principle is exactly the same. Obviously, however, it is not a question of principle, but of expediency. And the action of the committee as necessarily limiting the number of city Republicans who may vote at the primaries was highly inexpedient.

THE SPANISH TREATY.

The text of the Spanish treaty was recently published by the New York *Times*, and the country was at once made aware of its provisions. They are exceedingly important, and they have attracted universal attention. The first general consideration which it presents is that the Spanish convention is one of a system of treaties of reciprocity which not only affect business interests, but open a serious constitutional question, which Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, proposes to settle by a constitutional amendment, providing that treaties shall be made with the consent of the House as well as of the Senate. It is significant that the Senate has so far recognized the indirect authority of the House over such conventions as to provide that recent commercial treaties shall not go into effect until the necessary legislation in Congress has been completed. A treaty, when ratified, has the force of law, and as its provisions may conflict with revenue laws already enacted, the House, as the originator of revenue bills, may not choose to submit. Such a disposition would be confirmed by the opinion of the Supreme Court, which was pronounced upon the same day with the publication of the Spanish treaty, that, so far as a treaty may become the subject of judicial cognizance, it is subject to Congressional acts of enforcement, modification, or repeal.

The main questions in the Spanish treaty are those of the sugar and tobacco interests, and it is impossible as yet to determine the precise value of the concession made to the United States by the free admission of articles specified into Cuba and Porto Rico. But it is evident that the sugar-producing interest in the country is probably fatally threatened by the treaty. The free admission of Cuban and Porto Rico sugar into this country would amount to a loss of perhaps $25,000,000 to the revenue, and it is not evident how the loss would be made good by the promised increase of trade. It is urged, indeed, that the sugar duty, which now amounts to about $52,000,000, will be soon repealed, and that we may properly ask of other countries from which we receive sugar that as the price of repeal they shall make the same concessions that Cuba and Porto Rico make. But, on the other hand, if the tendency toward complete repeal is so decided, will it be arrested by this large repeal, and will not the other countries fairly conclude that they can afford to wait? And if, as is apprehended, the effect of the loss to our Treasury of the duty upon Cuban sugar is not necessarily to cheapen sugar to the American consumer, he will care little about the advantage to Cuba.

The tobacco interest is apparently apprehensive of the results of the treaty. But no decisive conclusions can be formed until the figures and facts are more fully ascertained. Mr. Foster is a diplomatist of ample ability, and in a negotiation of such scope and importance he has not proceeded without knowledge. The probability seems now to be a prolonged debate both in the Senate and the House, in which the issue will be joined upon the actual advantages of the treaty, and upon the power of the House, and upon the comparative desirability of regulating commerce by treaty or by statute.

THE TRUE INDIAN POLICY.

The session of Congress which immediately precedes a new administration is generally quiet, and devoted to routine legislation. But the action recommended by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the Indians is very reasonable, and of a kind that can not excite partisan feeling. The spirit of our Indian policy is happily changing. It is becoming more and more a spirit of equity and good-will. This is largely due to the efforts of the Indian Rights Association. Every movement of the kind requires an organized leadership, which is supplied by those who have a sincere and active interest in the subject. A few gentlemen have devoted themselves to personal visitation and inquiry among the Indians, and making them their clients, they have appealed to public opinion and to official influence, sparing no attention to details, suggesting beneficial laws, and promoting a humane regard for the "alien nations," as the Supreme Court calls them, which form distinct political communities in the country, yet which have had no rights which we seemed to consider ourselves bound to respect. In this good endeavor the association has been most cordially and efficiently supported by General Crook, who is now in command of the Department of Arizona, and whose annual report, which has just been presented, shows that even the Apaches, whom the General has himself called the worst upon the continent, are amenable to a wise, humane, and firm treatment. Under General Crook's auspices the Apaches have learned to work, which is the first great step toward civilization.

There is no question that the Indians have been most harshly and unwisely treated by us. The Constitution imposes a general stigma upon them by excluding Indians not taxed from the basis of representation and taxation, and the Supreme Court, with Justice Harlan dissenting, has recently decided that an Indian can not become a citizen without formal naturalization. But the Secretary of the Interior, in his report for this year, states that no outbreaks among the Indians have occurred during the year, and he declares that it is quite possible, with wise and judicious treatment, to prevent hostilities between the Indians and their white neighbors. The chief object of the Department has been to make the Indian self-supporting. There are now eighty-one boarding-schools, seventy-six day schools, and six industrial or manual-labor schools under government control. There are fourteen boarding and four day schools which are supplied with teachers by religious denominations, the government paying for the care and education of the children; and there are twenty-three schools maintained by churches and associations without expense to the government. When an Indian has been taught to labor he is self-supporting, but upon the reservations there is no remunerative employment for him. The Secretary thinks that the most civilizing influence for the Indians is the manual-labor school, and he urges that the money due them under existing treaties be paid in order that such schools may be extended.

The Supreme Court has lately decided that when one Indian upon a reservation murders another, the District Court of the United States has no jurisdiction. There is consequently no tribunal by which the crime of such murder can be punished. The Secretary recommends that the laws of the State or

Territory in which the reservation lies should be extended over it. But the Indian Rights Association has drafted for consideration an act establishing criminal courts upon the reservations, which vests the trial of such offenses in the Circuit Courts, and provides an Agency Court upon each reservation to deal with all offenses except capital crimes. It also authorizes any Indian to prosecute any civil action at law or equity in any court of the United States, and prohibits the rejection of their testimony because of their race. The Indian Question has now taken its place among those which are to be intelligently and humanely treated, and it is not to be dismissed as a question of vermin, while the rapid progress in the just view which has been recently made is the earnest that it will presently cease to be a national reproach.

THE POST-OFFICES.

THE report of the Postmaster-General contains some statements in regard to the number of post-offices and employés, and to appointments and removals in the service, which will be scanned with peculiar interest at this time. The whole number of post-offices in the country is now 50,017, which is a net increase of 2154 during the year. Of the postmasters only 2323 are appointed by the President, and 47,694 by the Postmaster-General. During the year there have been 11,953 appointments, of which 7265 were made upon resignations and the expiration of commissions, 513 upon removal and suspension, 234 upon changes of names and sites, 477 upon deaths of postmasters, and 3414 upon the establishment of new post-offices. The whole number of places acted upon during the year was 13,841, or something more than a quarter of the whole. The postal force, including 50,017 postmasters, 4908 contractors, 8240 clerks in post-offices, 3890 letter-carriers, 3963 railway postal clerks, and 92 post-office inspectors and railway mail superintendents, is 71,671. The whole expense of the service was $46,404,960, of which sum $11,283,830 was paid to postmasters. The excess of expenditure over receipts was $5,204,484.

The average emolument of postmasters thus appears to be something more than $200, and less than 2400 of them receive more than $1000. It would be interesting to know the precise number of appointments upon the expiration of commissions, and how many of them were re-appointments. This is the point at which a great abuse of the sound principle of a good service is possible. The commission of postmasters covers a term of four years. Every such commission, therefore, expires during a Presidential term, and by the nomination of a new incumbent the personnel of the entire service can be changed without a single removal in the usual sense of the word. The object of the repeal of the laws which prescribe the term of four years is to throw upon the appointing power the responsibility of a positive dismissal, and to withdraw the post and other offices from active party politics. Under the present system the country post-office is often the local head-quarters of the Administration party, and the postmaster is forced into partisan activity by the politicians of his neighborhood, and by the consciousness that his official head will pay for any laxity of party zeal. All such officers, whether in post-offices or elsewhere, constitute a drilled partisan army, and the disbandment of this army, entrenched for party purposes in the public service, is one of the objects of reform. It does not aim to deprive any officer of his party preferences or his party vote, but to prohibit, as a public officer, his partisan prostitution of his place.

The reform movement, including the passage of the national reform bill, has beneficially affected this situation. The amount of money extorted from the public employés was smaller this year than for many years, and there are great numbers of postmasters and other public officers everywhere who have attended quietly and faithfully to their duty, trusting to the sound sentiment which has been rapidly growing in both parties that a purely partisan civil service is one of the most threatening of dangers. Under such a partisan system a general election is no longer a choice between policies of administration, but a desperate struggle to dislodge an organized army of place-holders. Nothing would do so much to free elections from intrigue and corruption as the knowledge that the tenure of the 50,000 postmasters and of the holders of other business places under the government is to be determined not by party zeal, but by official honesty and efficiency. The opportunity to prove this is the great opportunity of the coming Administration.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

No better statement, nor one showing a more comprehensive and intelligent grasp of the situation, has appeared than that of the Memphis *Avalanche*. It is especially interesting as a "Southern" view of the subject:

> "The curse of this country has been that public offices have been held to be private property belonging to politicians and political rings, to be given as rewards for service rendered by agents, followers, and adherents, and generally for the lowest forms of political service. This has made what is called the machine. This has filled the offices seldom with the best and often with the worst of political agents. The efficient common-school-trained young man of thorough but modest worth had no share, because his very worth prevented him from doing ward bummer service.
>
> "The Democratic party must choose between filling hungry mouths of often worthy men, and inaugurating a new system which will restore the older rule of public life under the new conditions of modern politics, and assure the country against the spoils system, the courtesy of the Senate, the system of rewards for political service, the machine. So far as the public is concerned, as well have left the old machine standing as build a new for the merely transient benefit of change, although that would be of some advantage."

THE NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

THE Legislature of New York will be asked to appropriate the sum necessary for the purchase of land and property bordering upon Niagara Falls to secure the great cataract from practical destruction, and to open its enjoyment freely to the poor. The property selected by the Commission as indispensable for the purpose was valued by the owners at $5,000,000. The appraisers, after a long hearing of various testimony, fixed the just price at about $1,400,000. The majority of the owners are satisfied, but a few will probably appeal to the courts.

The Commission is composed of citizens of the highest character, and admirably adapted to the work. They are WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, SHERMAN S. ROGERS, J. HAMPDEN ROBB, President M. B. ANDERSON, and ANDREW H. GREEN. They will recommend to the Legislature to appropriate the necessary amount, justly holding that the purchase could never be made upon more reasonable terms.

The enterprise is its own advocate. It is intolerable and incredible that the State of New York should permit the most stupendous natural spectacle within its limits to be practically destroyed. Its acquiescence in such a result would prove its unworthiness to be the guardian of so unparalleled a treasure. The reclamation of the shores of Niagara, their conversion into a simple and beautiful public park, and the opening of the great cataract free to all visitors will be acts of public spirit worthy of the State and of her people. Whatever fosters an honorable local pride tends to develop and perpetuate that public spirit whose advantages to a community are incalculable.

THE ELECTION FRAUD IN ILLINOIS.

JOSEPH C. MACKIN, a member of the Cook County Democratic Committee, has been arrested upon a charge of fraud in connection with the State election. The evidence which has been made public is very damaging, and should he be convicted he should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. There is no political crime more dangerous than corrupting the vote.

There is plenty of corruption of a kind which the law can not reach, the moral bulldozing of slander, blackguardism, falsehood, and ridicule which is intended to prevent conscientious voting, and since this can not be punished, actual tampering with the ballots as cast should be legally treated in a manner commensurate with the crime.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

THANKSGIVING is a kind of preliminary Christmas, in respect of church-going, family meetings, and good cheer. In this country, however, it is a Puritan tradition, whose austerity, like everything else Puritanic, has been singularly sweetened and mellowed by time, until the day is in no sense local, or limited to a special faith, but it has become a national holiday of as generous and genial a spirit as that of the universal holiday a month later. One of the most interesting incidents of the recent Thanksgiving-day was its formal adoption as a feast by the Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in session at Baltimore, and the provision by the Council of the observance of the day in all Catholic churches in the country hereafter. A decree was issued that henceforth it shall be a holiday, celebrated with the mass and a sermon. This action has not yet received the formal sanction of the Pope. But it would hardly have been taken without some intimation of his approval.

The first celebration took place immediately in the Cathedral at Baltimore. Bishop SPALDING, of Peoria, Illinois, preached the sermon, in which he said that "Catholics will celebrate the day in common with all other Christians." From a Catholic prelate that was a singular and a significant sentence. But other things that he said were pleasant to read, although some have a rather surprising sound, as when he declared that among the causes of thankfulness for his hearers, both as Catholics and Americans, is the fact that Catholics first proclaimed to the New World the principles of religious tolerance. The Bishop doubtless refers to the act of the Assembly of Maryland in 1649, which provides that all persons who believe in Jesus Christ shall not be troubled or molested in their belief or in its free exercise. But without raising the point that only one-third of the Assembly was Catholic, and that the act merely followed that of the English Commons of two years before, it can not be seriously questioned that ROGER WILLIAMS was the earliest American apostle of religious freedom or "soul liberty."

But this is merely incidental in Bishop SPALDING's discourse, which was truly patriotic. The republic, he said, grants liberty to the Church, and the Church stands by the republic, urging its citizens to obey the laws and to give an example of respect and obedience that will raise the national character and repress those who are a disgrace to any nation. "Let Catholics do their duty, and by honesty and fair dealing be the true friends of our country." Morality, he said, is as important as patriotism, and the whole discourse, according to the report, was singularly sensible and appropriate. It was of a kind to allay the distrust which is sometimes felt in regard to the doctrine of foreign allegiance, and tended to show the identification of the Catholic Church with the country. It was also an illustration of the wisdom of the Church of Rome in conforming to established facts and adjusting itself to the situation. It was this sagacity which MACAULAY pointed out in his remark that if JOHN WESLEY and ELIZABETH FRY had arisen in the Catholic communion they would have been retained within the fold as founders of new orders of friars and sisters. The Church of Rome does not intend to be "left out" by a national religious holiday, but unreservedly approves it, and includes it among its festivals. If to the wisdom of the serpent the old Church had always joined the harmlessness of the dove, the course of ecclesiastical history would have been different.

PERSONAL.

IN a recent dramatic criticism Lord LYTTON says that actors invite critics to supper, pat them on their backs, take them behind the scenes, and open their hearts to them, and that in consequence the critics "behave well" to them. This may be the case in London, but in New York there certainly are dramatic critics who make it a rule to have no social relations with actors or actresses, and to whom Lord LYTTON's idea that kind words can be bought by personal attentions is peculiarly repellent.

—Our British cousins are taking very kindly to American periodical literature. More than seventy thousand copies of the December number of the English edition of HARPER'S MAGAZINE were sold within a few days after its publication; and the sale of fifty thousand copies of the first number of the English edition of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE shows how well that paper is appreciated by the little subjects of Queen VICTORIA.

—Mr. E. W. GOSSE, now on a visit to this country, has been warmly received. He is the Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Cambridge, and is learned in the languages of northern Europe, besides being a poet and literary critic of note. His wife is a sister of Mrs. ALMA-TADEMA. Why should not the Authors' Club give Mr. GOSSE a reception?

—Senator JOHN SHERMAN smokes small cigars before a wood fire in his commodious library in Washington, and is an interesting and instructive talker on politics, and perhaps the oldest living authority on matters of national finance.

—The valuable paintings belonging to the estate of Mr. THOMAS G. APPLETON will not be sold, although his furniture and bric-à-brac will. He bought some noble examples of JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET's brush-work when MILLET was so little appreciated as to be compelled to beg bread for his children. The taste for MILLET's pictures was first awakened in this country by the examples imported by Mr. APPLETON and the late Mr. WILLIAM M. HUNT.

—Did Alexander the Great die from drink? Dr. ALFRED CARPENTER says that he did, but a recent essayist reminds the doctor that there is no trustworthy evidence on the subject, and, from the nature of the case, can not be. "I have heard," he continues, "that Lord ELDON, who died at the age of eighty-seven, and who certainly suffered neither 'downfall' nor 'ruin,' was accustomed to drink a bottle of port-wine after his dinner every day, except on Sundays, when his brother, Lord STOWELL, dined with him, and they drank two."

—Colonel ROBERT INGERSOLL's fee of $100,000 from ex-Senator DORSEY, for defending him in the Star Route trials, has awakened some interest among the members of the bar; but there are New York lawyers whom such figures do not surprise.

—CAMPANINI owns two hundred and fifty head of cattle in Italy, where he now acts as farmer, wine-maker, miller, silk-grower, linen manufacturer, cattle-dealer, and tenor.

—Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, the philanthropist and banker, though in advanced years, still rides horseback almost daily in the streets of Washington, and was neither scared nor hurt when a vicious mare threw him, not long ago.

—MARK LEMON, late editor of *Punch*, as described by Mr. EDMUND YATES: "He was made for the part. Corpulent, jovial, bright-eyed, with a hearty laugh and an air of bonhomie, he rolled through life the outward impersonation of jollity and good temper."

—Miss MARY GWENDOLEN CALDWELL, of this city, who has given $300,000 to found a Catholic university, was of age last October. She and her younger sister are orphans. Their father was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE CALDWELL, a Virginian; their mother, Miss BRECKINRIDGE, a Kentuckian. Each parent left them a fortune, and they possess about two millions apiece. No young lady, in this country at least, ever made so magnificent an educational endowment. "Personally," she says, "I should prefer to see the university built at the South, for though born and educated at the North, my family are Southerners, and my feelings are Southern."

—Mr. SPURGEON: "I wish to say that I am not ashamed of anything whatever that I do. I don't think that smoking makes me ashamed, and therefore I mean to smoke."

—Mrs. REBECCA M. LEVY, who died recently in New Orleans, was the sister of the late JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, in whose house for many years she dispensed a graceful and generous hospitality that many Northern friends of his still remember with pleasure.

—Senator EDMUNDS is about to build a handsome house in Washington. He has the credit of having driven out all the minor lobbyists who used to lounge about the cloak-rooms of the Senate.

—On the 3d inst. Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his purchase of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* from Mr. W. M. SWAIN. At that time the paper was losing heavily, but through the extraordinary business tact of Mr. CHILDS it soon became one of the most profitable papers in the country. It is pleasant to read that the man who was foreman of the composing-room under Mr. SWAIN, and was an important factor in the management of the paper, is living to-day, and is on Mr. CHILDS's pension list, drawing his salary as though still in working harness.

—Mr. GIBSON very neatly scores a point against a too confident critic in the following letter printed in the New York *Tribune* of December 11:

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

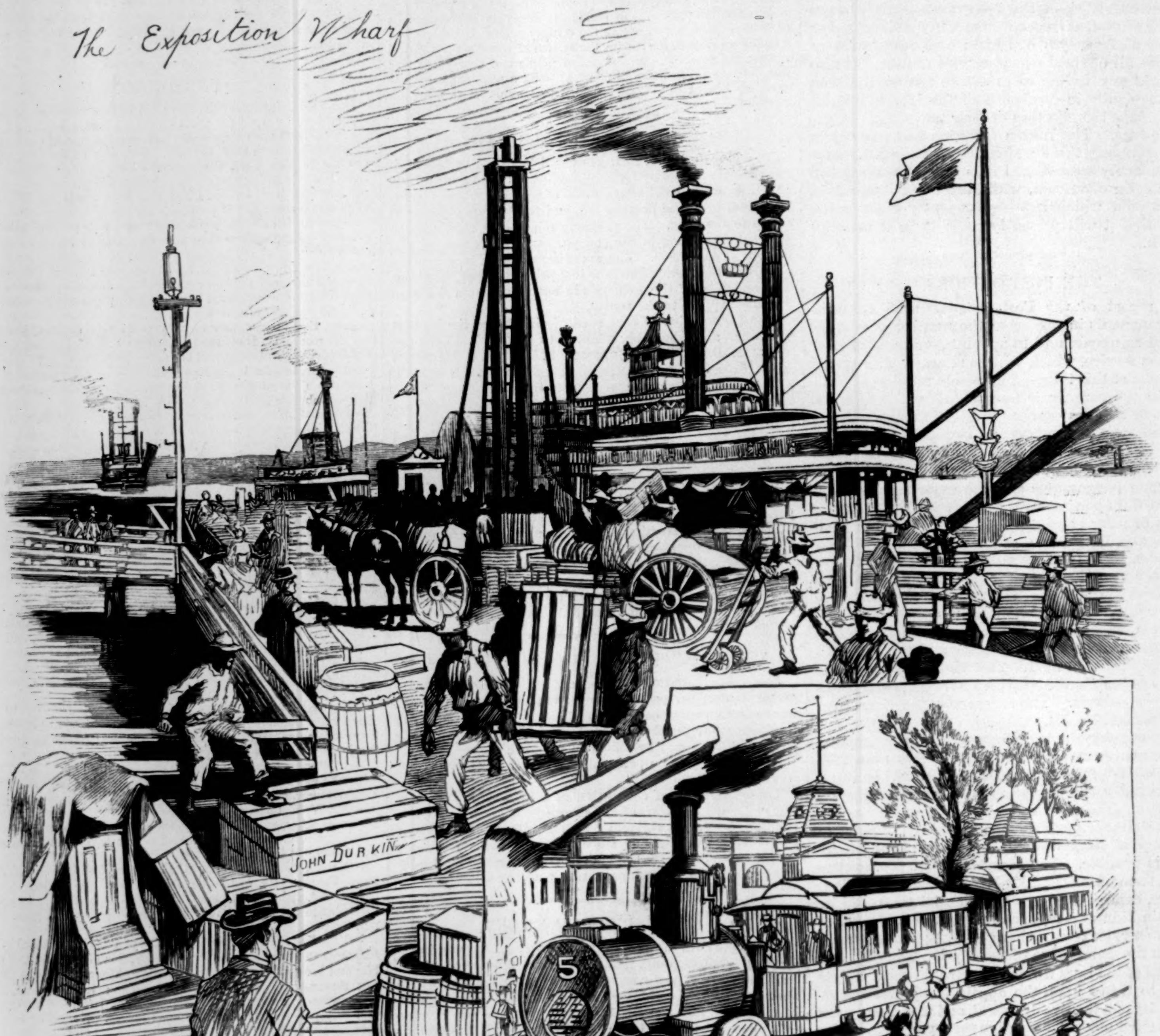
"SIR,—I observe this evening in the current number of *The Critic* an art reference which calls for a slight correction. In a review of the *Nature's Serial Story* of E. P. ROE, after paying a delicate compliment to the illustrations of the volume, the reviewer goes on to say:

> "'Without detracting from the artist's meed of praise, it may be added that the most remarkable thing about these [illustrations] is the extraordinary skill displayed by the engravers.... Mr. HENRY MARSH, whose delicacy and precision of touch are marvellous, shows the still rarer power of taking up the theme submitted to him by the artist and adding increment after increment of meaning to it, until it becomes almost wholly his own. His engraving of "A Winter Thunder-Storm" is the finest thing in the book. We give the credit to him because we know that Mr. GIBSON's forte is not in landscape.'

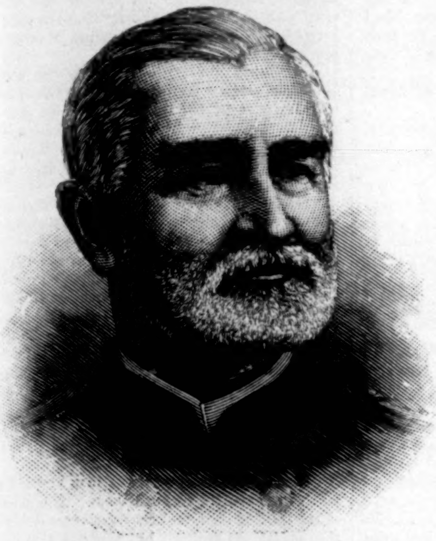
"Now I yield to no one in my admiration of Mr. MARSH, not only as a master and a poet in his art, but equally as an esteemed personal friend. Indeed, I love him too well, and have too great a respect for his nobly interpretative genius, to see attributed to him a piece of work which I am sure he would not care to claim, and which, albeit 'the finest thing in the book,' and fraught with that wondrous 'increment after increment of thought,' is nevertheless in fact nothing but a soulless photo-engraving by a purely mechanical process. Of course *The Critic* will hasten to make all due acknowledgments, and place the credit where it righteously belongs, *i. e.*, to the Ives Photo-Engraving Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, whose admirable process has reproduced not only this, but several others of the illustrations in which the alleged marvellous 'increment' was discovered. Such is fame! Shade of ALBRECHT DÜRER! who are our critics?

W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

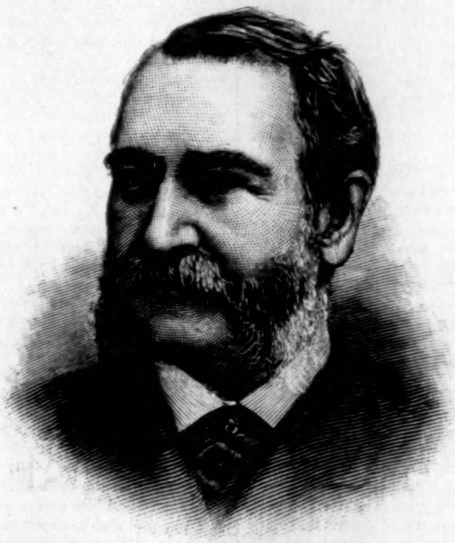
"BROOKLYN, *December 9, 1884.*"


The Exposition Wharf
JOHN DURKIN
5
Rapid Transit to Exposition
Unloading Exhibits.

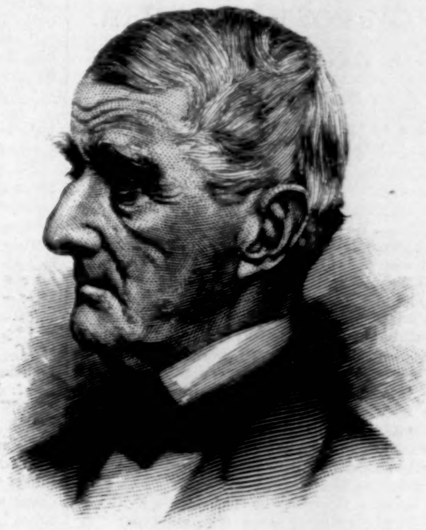
THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—SCENE ON WHARF, AND UNLOADING IN THE MAIN HALL.—SKETCHED BY JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 841.]



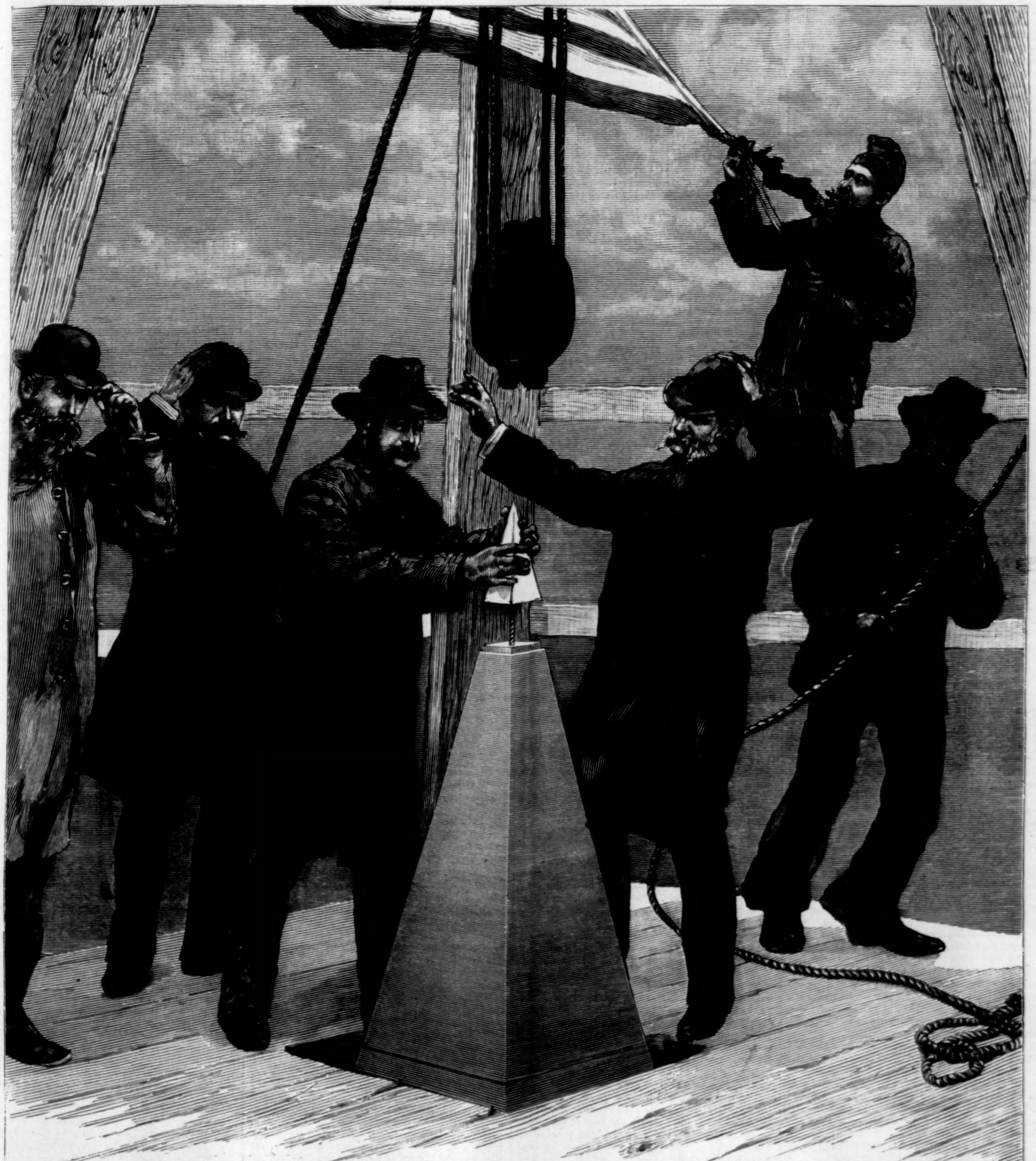
THE LATE GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.
Photographed by J. E. Smith.—[See Page 841.]



COLONEL THOMAS L. CASEY, GOVERNMENT ENGINEER OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—Photographed by Bell.



THE LATE REUBEN R. SPRINGER.
Photographed by Landy.—[See Page 845.]



B. R. Green, Civil Engineer. Capt. G. W. Davis, Engineer. P. H. McLaughlin, Superintendent. Col. T. L. Casey, Government Engineer. James Hogan, Rigger. Lewis O'Brien (colored).

572 FEET HIGH—SETTING THE CAP-STONE ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—From a Sketch on the Spot by S. H. Nealy.—[See Page 844.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GOING FOR THE GLOVES.

ELLISTON left the house in search of the trap that was to convey him to the station literally swelling with indignation. This whelp of a boy seemed to confront him at every turn, and, what was worse, to checkmate him. From winning a big stake to the buying of Cranley, or snatching a kiss from Dollie Greyson, Gerald was always in his way. He felt that there was nothing he would shrink from to work woe to his cousin, but Gerald was under the wing of Lord Whitby, and had achieved a position besides of his own that made him tolerably unassailable. Still, as he bade the trainer good-by, he bethought him of a thorn to plant in Gerald's breast.

"Good-by, Greyson," he said. "We shall win the Cambridgeshire, never fear, and winter in clover; but I've got one hint to give you. I see that young Rockingham is hanging round here after your daughter. That will do her no good, He was as wild as a hawk at college, and, like all his stock, is pretty unscrupulous with regard to women. A hint's enough to a man of your experience. Lock up your daughter, and hunt that young reprobate off the premises. You'll find him kissing her in the dining-room now, most likely;" and before Greyson could reply, Elliston jumped into the trap and was gone.

This was too much in accord with his own ideas not to make the trainer very uncomfortable. He did not even know that Gerald was at Riddleton, the note that summoned him from the dining-room relating only to the delivery of some forage. As he strolled back to the house across the grass-plot he mused rather grimly over the unfortunate entanglement of his daughter's, and at last, happening to raise his eyes, saw through the open window the tableau Elliston had so deftly painted to him. There was Gerald in most lover-like attitude, with his arm round Dollie's waist, and unmistakably kissing her.

This was too much for Greyson's equanimity. He dashed into the house, and entered the dining-room abruptly. Dollie made an attempt to extricate herself from her lover's embrace on seeing him, but Gerald held her fast.

"Mr. Rockingham," said the trainer, "I'll have none of this. I told you so as Jim Forrest, and I tell you so much more strongly now I know who you are. I'll not have my girl's head turned with your nonsense. She may be but a giddy little simpleton, but she is my daughter, and all I have got."

"Oh, father, hear me," cried Dollie, for there was a touch of pathos in the hard old man's voice that went to her heart. "No; let me go to him, Gerald;" but her lover still held her tight.

"Go to your room at once," rejoined Greyson, "and you, sir, don't attempt to detain her. I will send you to the station, but never let me catch you on Riddleton Moor again."

Dollie at last twisted herself out of her lover's embrace, and was about to rush across to her father, when Gerald caught her wrist and exclaimed: "Stay. Mr. Greyson, there's no harm in kissing the girl you are pledged to marry. I have promised to take Dollie for my wife, if you will give her to me."

"Mighty pretty words," rejoined the trainer, roughly, "such as young gentlemen of your class think it no harm to pour into the ears of foolish girls beneath them. Do you suppose for one instant that your own people would allow you to make such a marriage as that?"

"I know in a few months I shall be of age, and that nobody will be able to prevent me. Besides, Dollie will tell you that she has already been welcomed as my future wife by my mother and sister."

"It's true, father; it is, indeed. They were most kind."

"And do you mean to tell me that they knew that Dollie was the daughter of Bill Greyson, the trainer?"

"Certainly I do," replied Gerald; "just as much as they know that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

For a minute or two Greyson stood silently glancing from one to the other of them. He could not quite take in the reality of the situation. It seemed to him almost absurd to talk of a Rockingham marrying a daughter of his; and yet surely, if there were nothing in it, Mrs. Rockingham would hardly have welcomed Dollie as the girl declared she had. Pooh! they were young in the ways of the world; and because Mrs. Rockingham had been good-natured and kind to his little girl, and perhaps smiled at their philandering, they had both jumped to the conclusion that she would be pleased to receive her as a daughter-in-law. And then Elliston's parting admonition recurred to him. Yes; that was much more likely, that young Rockingham was just amusing himself with a flirtation.

"Mr. Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald, after some length, and still holding the girl's hand.

"I think not. I'll take some little time to consider; but I don't believe any good would come of such a marriage. Mr. Elliston warned me just before he started against letting you make a fool of my girl."

"Cuthbert Elliston!" exclaimed Gerald; "the scoundrel!—what has he to do with it?"

"He's one of your family, anyhow. It was he told me you were here, and that I should find you both billing and cooing in the parlor."

"And did he tell you that I nearly knocked him down for his impudent behavior to your daughter?" interposed Gerald, hotly.

"What?" exclaimed Greyson, sharply.

"Indeed," said Dollie, "Mr. Elliston was very rude to me, and I was very glad when Gerald jumped in at the window."

"I only know," said Gerald, "I found my precious cousin—who has a wife of his own, remember—making the most violent love to Dollie, very much to her annoyance, and that I did my best to knock him down, and all but succeeded."

"Ah! you struck him," said Greyson between his set teeth. "That was well done," he added, after a pause.

"And now, Mr. Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald.

"Go to your room, girl, and leave Mr. Rockingham and me to talk matters over. You needn't be afraid, child; we're not going to quarrel."

Dollie made no reply, but, with a bright smile at her lover, tripped out of the dining-room.

"Now, Greyson," said Gerald, "I have come here for a good long talk with you about more things than one. First, I am in thorough earnest about wishing to marry your daughter. I have taken her to see my mother and sister; they both like her, and will be very glad to welcome her into the family, of which, remember, I am now the head. As for my rascally cousin, he ruined my father, and would do the same by me if he could. He has nothing to do with our concerns further than to pay us some, at all events, of what he owes us. I can't marry Dollie yet for some months, at all events; I think it best to stick to my profession closely for a little longer, so you will have time to consider the subject. That's finished for the present. Of course we shall correspond; it's no use your saying we sha'n't, because in these days that never prevents young people who are fond of one another doing it—promotes duplicity, nothing more. Now, is the Dancer still yours?"

"Yes, worse luck, and likely to continue so. I had hopes, when I saw they were backing him a bit for the Cambridgeshire, that somebody might be disposed to make a bid of some sort; but nobody speaks."

"And he's quite well?"

"Well! Of course he is. Ask Dollie; she gallops him every morning. The beggar never looked better."

"You don't mean to say you put her up on that queer-tempered animal?" exclaimed Gerald.

"No," replied Greyson; "but she took advantage of my absence to put herself up; and there's no nonsense about it, he goes better with her than he ever did with any one, not barring yourself, Mr. Rockingham."

"Good. Now, Greyson, the Cambridgeshire betting about the Dancing Master, as far as it has gone, represents pretty well my commission. Somebody, of course, has been clever enough to risk a little about the thing on spec, with the haziest intentions as to what he was speculating in. Some one always does. But I have got on the Dancer to win a rattling stake as it is, and if I find him what I hope, can easily get a good bit more at a longish price. You mean to run him, of course. With seven stone twelve the race is a gift to him if he chooses."

"Just so, *if he chooses;* but he never does choose. No, he's not worth sending to Newmarket, Mr. Rockingham; and what's more, we've got another here we think quite good enough to serve our turn."

"Yes, I know. Cuthbert has backed Caterham to win him a lot of money, but my impression is that the Dancer is a tremendous horse when he runs kind. He'd beat Caterham far enough at even weights, though the latter's a good horse too. You've not promised he sha'n't go to Newmarket, have you?"

"No, certainly not. I told Mr. Elliston I had no intention of sending him there; but he knows the horse is for sale, and if any one buys him I can't be answerable for what his new owner may think fit to do."

"But still he's your horse. You're quite within your right in beating Mr. Elliston, if you can, for a good stake like the Cambridgeshire."

"I tell you, sir, he's no good. With his temper, he'd never try in a big field such as there will be for that race."

"Recollect," replied Gerald, impressively, "the only time the Dancer ever won I rode him. Recollect how he recognized my voice the other day in the stable. I don't pretend my riding had anything to do with his winning, but simply the horse knew me, and did for me what he has done for nobody else."

"There may be something in that," rejoined the trainer, musingly, "but, hang it, I don't like interfering with stable tactics."

"Then," said Gerald, "I ask you to choose between my interests and Cuthbert Elliston's—between the interests of the man who insulted your daughter and the interests of the man who hopes to marry—"

Greyson started as if stung.

"Yes," he rejoined, in stern, resolute tones, "that settles it. If I can beat him fairly for the Cambridgeshire, by —— I will. Mr. Rockingham, play your game as you like. You can depend upon me, bar accidents, to hand you over the Dancing Master, when the saddling bell rings, as fit as hands can make him, with no other orders than win if you can. There's my hand, sir."

The two exchanged hand grips, and then the trainer said:

"Tell me it's not flying in the face of your own people, and will do you no harm with them, and, after the Cambridgeshire, if you ask me for Dollie again, Mr. Rockingham, I'll give her you, win or lose."

"That's a bargain, Mr. Greyson," said Gerald, as they once more shook hands.

"And now I'll send Dollie to you. She can tell you more about the Dancer than I can, but I do believe this, that he's a good deal better than Caterham *if* he will try;" and with this dubious assurance the trainer left the room.

Dollie was not very far off, and re-appeared speedily at her father's summons.

"It's all right, darling," cried Gerald, joyously, as he clasped the girl in his arms and kissed her. "Your father's behaved like a trump. I'm to marry you after the Cambridgeshire; and the Dancer's to win it; and I'm going to land money enough to buy back Cranley Chase. I'm pretty sure Whitby don't really want it, and would let *me* have it for what he gave for it. I'm a great favorite with the old lord."

"Oh, Gerald! if you could! How proud I should feel then that it was at my recommendation you turned jockey!"

"You may feel proud of that as it is, sweet," replied her lover; "but your father tells me you've been riding the Dancer, and that he goes tolerably quiet with you."

"Yes; he kicks and plunges, of course, and he sulks a bit with me at starting; but he goes very well with me when we are fairly off; and, Gerald, I never was on the back of such a galloper."

"Do you find him pull much?"

"No; and that has been the mistake with him all along. He's a rather delicate mouth, and likes to have his head. If you pull at him with that heavy bit and bridoon bridle they put on him, he gets mad, and then, you know, neither man nor horse ever feels pain. I have gone on riding him in that way; but then you know how light a woman's hand is. Gerald dear, take my advice, and put a plain snaffle on him for the Cambridgeshire."

"I dare say you're right, Dollie. Your father, though he hadn't quite mastered the theory, had always an inkling of it. 'Leave him alone,' were his orders before the Two Thousand; 'he may win the race himself, but you won't make him.' As a stable-boy, I rode him strictly according to orders, only too anxious no fault should be found with me in that respect; as a jockey, I might have had ideas of my own on the subject, and, hard as I always try to carry out my employer's instructions, there are times when to stick to them seems to be throwing the race away, and sometimes actually is. Neither owner, trainer, nor any one else can foresee the turns-up in a race, nor the way in which it will be run. It may be run all false; and a clever jockey, who knows his business, sees his one chance is to throw all orders to the wind, and rely on his own judgment. You are told to wait, but know amongst your antagonists there's one with a terrible turn of speed, and there's nothing will make the running. Your only chance is to do it yourself, and stand the abuse if you're unsuccessful. But forgive me, Dollie; I am delivering quite a sermon on my own profession; it's a profession I love, and can't help getting a little enthusiastic about."

"And do you think I'm not proud of the name you've made in it? I believe I think more of Jim Forrest, if possible, than Gerald Rockingham."

"And Gerald's not jealous of Jim," replied her lover, laughing. "And now, dearest, it's time I was off; but mind, Dollie, you must be there to see me win the Cambridgeshire. Tell your father it must be so. I sha'n't see you again till we meet at Newmarket; and then, hey! for winning the last big handicap of the season and Cranley Chase!"

"Here's the Cambridgeshire and Cranley Chase!" cried Dollie, snatching a wine-glass from the luncheon table and waving it over her head. "*Vive la guerre!* and success to the sky-blue and white!"

"Good-by, dearest," said Gerald, as he once more clasped his *fiancée* in his arms; "and God grant your toast may prove true! Take care of the Dancer for me; and mind you are there in the Houghton week."

One more kiss, and Gerald Rockingham was gone, and Dollie, dropping into a chair, was soon lost in the sweetest of dreamy reveries.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT THE RUTLAND ARMS.

THE Monday of the Houghton Meeting has come at last, and the week gives promise of capital sport. Never had the betting on the Cambridgeshire been heavier, and never, perhaps, had the early backers experienced more discomfitures. Favorite after favorite was sent to the right about, either from having failed to stand a preparation, or in consequence of owners finding themselves so forestalled by the rapacity of the public that it was impossible to obtain a fair and reasonable price about their horses. This naturally gave fresh courage to the book-makers, and the big handicap could boast now of a very elastic market.

The principal feature on the Heath on Monday between the intervals of racing was a strong desire to back the Dancing Master—a thing that astonished Messrs. Elliston and Pearson not a little. They could not make out exactly who was doing it. Mr. Johnson, no doubt, was picking up the long odds at every favorable opportunity, but there were more Richmonds in the field than one, and before the racing finished, and the crowd flocked back to spruce little Newmarket, the Dancing Master had been brought from the forty to one division to something like over half the price. All sorts of rumors were current about him. It was reported that there had been a great trial at Riddleton, and that Caterham, one of the prominent favorites, had been well beaten by his stable companion. That the horse was not known to have arrived was nothing. Bill Greyson and his string were not expected till the afternoon, and it was quite likely might not arrive till the next day, the Cambridgeshire being set for Wednesday's card. Ere they reached the Rutland, Elliston and his partner had learned upon unimpeachable authority that Greyson had arrived, and brought the Dancing Master with him as well as Caterham.

Over their dinner that evening the two indulged in various conjectures as to the meaning of this freak of old Bill's. The most probable solution in their eyes was that he had sold the horse, and that his new owner had thrown the commission into the market. Well, they agreed it was not likely to signify much.

"Some new young one anxious to distinguish himself by winning a big race first time of asking," said Elliston. "He's likely to pay dearly for his whistle; what with the money the Ring take out of him over it, and the price old Greyson has probably put that worthless brute into him at, if he don't have an expensive race on Wednesday, I'm much mistaken."

"Greyson, of course, will be up to see us about breakfast-time to-morrow. It's no use speculating about who he's made a fool of over the Dancing Master; let's go down to the Rooms and see what's doing."

"All right," replied Elliston, as he lit a fresh cigar; "come along."

Business at the Rooms was in a languid state when the partners reached them. A good many of the leading book-makers were there discussing the events of the day, but none of the leading dons of the racing world had as yet put in an appearance. The former were apparently no little exercised in their minds about the mysterious apparition of the Dancing Master in the betting market. It was now known that the horse had arrived, but in whose interest he was running, and who was to ride him, were matters that seemed to trouble the minds of the leading magnates of the Ring no little. Elliston was at once hailed with proffers of odds against the Dancing Master, but the refusal of both himself and Pearson to invest on his chance seemed once more to puzzle the very suspicious members of Tattersall's, sensitive ever from long experience to dynamite mines of this nature exploded upon them at the last moment. True, he had shown himself thoroughly unreliable on account of temper for at least two years, but he had proved himself, and very unexpectedly too, a great horse upon one occasion, and the brethren of the mystic circle are bound to keep such facts within their memories, or break.

But soon after ten Sir Marmaduke, accompanied by Farrington and two other of his friends, strolled in, and the listlessness that had rather characterized the proceedings was put aside. So far there had been very little business doing; nothing except desultory talk had been the outcome of the evening. But the Baronet had startled the Ring too often not to make his advent a matter of interest. They knew very well that he had experienced a most disastrous year, and that his own stable was under one of those periodical blights that such establishments suffer from. But Sir Marmaduke was rather catholic in his taste for speculation, and by no means confined his operations to backing his own horses. Heavy loser though he undoubtedly was on the season, yet he had enjoyed gleams of sunshine, and had made the very Ring open its eyes with the daring plunges he had made on some of Lord Whitby's "good things." When he laid five to one in thousands *on* a colt of that nobleman's for the New Stakes at Ascot, the racing world marvelled; but when he followed it up by betting seven thousand to four *on* the winner of the Gold Cup, the old hands shook their heads, and said that though in these two instances fortune had favored him, yet a Nemesis would surely overtake one who wooed the fickle goddess so rashly.

"Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire?" he said, quietly, to one of the boldest of the book-making fraternity.

"Twenty to one, Sir Marmaduke. Do you want it to money?" was the reply.

"I'll take it in thousands," rejoined the Baronet.

"Can't do it, Sir Marmaduke. I haven't so much money left to lay. Shall I put down twenty monkeys? Ten thousand to five hundred is a nice bet."

The Baronet nodded, and almost immediately afterward the languid voice of Captain Farrington was heard inquiring after the Dancing Master, and he too was accommodated upon similar terms. It was speedily apparent that the little coterie of whom Sir Marmaduke was the guiding star were all intent upon backing this horse, and the odds shortened rapidly. Still the fielders continued to lay the lessening price. They recalled how these very men had put faith in the Dancing Master at Ascot, and how he had proved but a broken reed to them then. However, sheer weight of money tells in the betting ring just as it does on the Stock Exchange, and the "bulls" upon this occasion brought the Dancing Master to ten to one taken freely before they closed the operations.

"What do you think of all this?" said Pearson, as the pair strolled home to the Rutland.

"Think?" answered Elliston, irritably; "I think that Sir Marmaduke means to have another shy with the Dancing Master, that though he sent him back to Riddleton, he never gave up his control of the horse, and that all Bill Greyson's story about his being in the sale list was gammon, or at all events premature. I shall give that old villain a pretty stiff corner of my mind to-morrow."

"I wonder who rides?" said Pearson.

"Oh, Blackton, no doubt. He's Sir Marmaduke's first jockey, and will probably declare three or four pounds over weight. But he didn't do much with the horse in the Hunt Cup."

"No," said Pearson, as he rang for a brandy and seltzer, that peaceful haven, the Rutland, being at length attained; "but I've an unpleasant presentiment that cursed gray will trouble us somehow in the big race on Wednesday. He'll knock our horse down, or run away from the lot, as he did in the Guineas two years ago. By-the-way, I hope young Rockingham won't have the mount."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

"No fear. He quarrelled with Sir Marmaduke about something, and hasn't worn his colors the last year or more. Just the young beggar's luck. He got Whitby's riding instead. Left the sinking ship just in time to join another that had both royals and stunsails set."

"And the lad knows how to follow his luck," said Pearson, moodily. "If by any fluke that boy's on the Dancing Master, I shall cover my money by backing him for a little."

"You always did funk," sneered Elliston; "but I don't think, unless the horse is, as I guess, still Sir Marmaduke's, old Greyson will send him to the post after all."

"He will," rejoined Pearson. "He daren't bring him to Newmarket and not run him. Now I'm off to bed. Good-night."

The attorney was up and out on the Heath betimes to see and hear what was doing, and astonished his partner on his return not a little with the intelligence that Jim Forrest was to ride the Dancing Master.

"At least that's what I heard this morning, and everybody's puzzled to know who's pulling the strings. He was out this morning, and looked fit as fiddles, but showed a deal of temper till Forrest got on him. He did a nice canter with him, and went fairly kind. Greyson's coming up to see us about ten."

"And Caterham?"

"Went a good strong gallop, and looks fit to run for a kingdom. Greyson says he never was better."

They were still dawdling over their cigars and the card of the day when the trainer was announced, and at once proceeded to give due account of his charges, all of whom he pronounced emphatically thoroughly fit to meet their engagements, especially the Cambridgeshire crack, Caterham. "Though," he added, "they tell me, in consequence of what took place at the Rooms last night, that old gray of mine looks like passing him in the betting."

"Oh, I want to speak to you about that," said Elliston, sharply. "Has Sir Marmaduke anything to do with the horse now?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Then what the devil did you send that Satanic-tempered brute here for, after telling me you didn't intend to?"

"I changed my mind. My horse happens to be very well, and I don't see why I shouldn't have a cut in for a stake worth over two thousand," replied Greyson, doggedly. "You've no call to complain about Caterham; he's just about as fit as I know how to make 'em. It's not very likely the Dancer *will* beat you, but I warn you he can if *he likes*."

"And pray may I ask whether it is from your inspiration that Sir Marmaduke and his friends are plunging on the Dancer in this manner?"

"No, sir; I honestly don't know what has induced Sir Marmaduke and his friends to back the horse in the way I hear they did last night; but it was from no hint of mine. He'll run, but I don't much believe in him."

"And suppose I tell you that I particularly wish that he should not run. What then?"

"I shall be sorry to disoblige you, Mr. Elliston, but I've brought him to Newmarket, and he'll run all the same," replied Greyson, quietly.

"A plant, by Heaven!" cried Elliston, fiercely. "My horse, I presume, has been sacrificed to yours."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied Greyson. "Yours is as well as ever he was in his life. The two have never been put together, and it's sheer guess-work on my part that the gray's the best."

"And is that young whelp, Forrest, to ride the Dancer?" snarled Elliston.

"Mr. Rockingham is to ride my horse. I don't know about his being a young whelp, or a young anything else," rejoined Greyson, pretty sharply. "I do know that he's about the best jockey of the day, and that if he gets well away, and the Dancer runs kind, he'll spread-eagle his field to-morrow."

"With those views we may say, I think, Pearson, that he trains no more for us?"

"No," said the attorney, with a malicious grin; "and if the Dancing Master does win the Cambridgeshire, perhaps Mr. Greyson will have cause to wish he had yielded to wiser counsels."

"I've not forgotten that I'm your debtor, Mr. Pearson, but I'll take my chance. I dare say, if it comes to the worst, I shall find friends to assist me in meeting my liabilities. Good-morning, gentlemen."

"A case of mutiny, by Jove!" exclaimed Elliston, as the door closed behind the trainer.

"It's your own fault in great measure," said Pearson, savagely. "If you hadn't given Greyson that cursed gray colt, we should have been masters of the situation."

"And intend to be so still. But do you honestly think there's a chance of the Dancing Master beating us?"

"Yes," replied Pearson, "I do. I wouldn't back the horse, he's so thoroughly uncertain; but I agree with Greyson that he's a great horse when he likes, probably the best we ever had at Riddleton. It's an old axiom—never overlook an animal's best form. I never saw the Two Thousand easier won, and remember, subsequent running showed that he had a good field behind him. I wish heartily that he wasn't going to start."

As he spoke the door opened softly, and Dollie, who was in search of her father, peeped in.

"We never had such a chance," continued the attorney, "and it would be too provoking, after having got on to win such a big stake so cleverly, to have the prize snatched from our grasp by that perverse-tempered brute. I can't imagine what has made Greyson so contumacious. There's something behind I don't understand."

Cuthbert Elliston did not think it necessary to enlighten his partner about that little *contretemps* up at Riddleton, though he had no doubt that his folly there had caused this combination against him. Dollie had no doubt told her father what had occurred, and Gerald had persuaded the trainer to repay the affront put upon his daughter in this fashion.

"That blackguard young villain," he muttered, "planned this pretty little scheme for my discomfiture."

"It don't much matter what's the cause, Sam," he said at last. "If Greyson won't take orders, he must take the consequences. I'll take care the Dancing Master don't start. Listen to me;" and he lowered his voice, so that Dollie could no longer catch what he was saying.

But the girl had heard quite enough. Closing the door noiselessly behind her, she sped down the passage like a lapwing, with a view to carrying this piece of intelligence as quickly to her lover as might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT, of Bordentown, New Jersey, whose sudden death occurred recently, was descended from a Holland family that settled in New York State. GERSHOM MOTT, his great-grandfather, was a member of the Provincial Assembly. Captain JOHN MOTT, his grandfather, entered the Continental army as First Lieutenant, Third Battalion of the New Jersey line, on February 9, 1776. He served as guide to General WASHINGTON at the battle of Trenton. The father of the dead man was a merchant in this city, where the latter was born on April 7, 1822. The son was a graduate of West Point and a veteran of the Mexican war. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was put in command of the Fifth New Jersey Regiment, which served in the Army of the Potomac. In September, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Brigadier-General, and in April, 1864, to Major-General. After the rebellion he became paymaster of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and held that position until 1872. Three years later Governor BEDLE appointed him State Treasurer, to fill an unexpired term. Upon the election of a new State Treasurer he was made keeper of the New Jersey State-prison. He held the office five years. Governor LUDLOW appointed him a member of the Riparian Commission of New Jersey. He was president of the Merchants' Transportation Company of this city, and a director of the Bordentown Banking Company and of the West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad Company.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

WHEN the New Orleans Exposition was planned, the purpose was to make a display of the resources of the Southern States, and to show the world what progress they had made in the industrial arts. The great interest which this scheme immediately awakened compelled an expansion of the programme, and the projectors determined to make it international in character, and to enlarge the facilities for exhibition. Applications for space came in so rapidly that it was soon found that the proposed building, although the largest ever projected for such a purpose, would be entirely inadequate to meet the demand.

Even now, with seven large buildings and several smaller ones, covering in the aggregate more than sixty acres of ground, the management has been compelled to restrict many of the States as to space. So popular has it become that, according to the New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Herald*, Director-General BURKE informed the Board of Management some weeks ago that if time and means were available to erect buildings sufficiently large to cover the entire Exposition Park of 237 acres, exhibits enough would be offered to fill them. He is compelled to reject hundreds of applications every day because there is absolutely no place for the exhibits offered.

Our illustration on page 338 will give our readers an idea of the busy scenes to be witnessed every day on the wharf where the exhibits are landed. The wharf is at the foot of the Exposition grounds, about half a mile from the main buildings, into which the goods are transported on railway tracks and unloaded in their proper place.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Critics and Authors.—Declining a Kingdom.—A valuable Privilege.—Curious Charity.—Literary Middlemen.—Matrimonial Brokerage.

AN amusing chapter might be written of the devices of those who have, for personal reasons, attacked this and that literary work to get its author to read their diatribes. Some authors, like Mr. Black, never read reviews of their own productions, some only read those which they have good reason to believe are favorable, but only a few are so egotistic or philosophic as to devour what is said of themselves, even if it is disagreeable. The plan of forwarding the newspaper with the notice marked in red ink to the author's private address is crude, and that of sending it to all his friends, in hopes that one, at least, of them will have the "good-nature" to show it to him, is only a little less primitive. As civilization advances, malignity becomes more intelligent. A popular novelist of my acquaintance happened to hint in one of his stories that learning, and even scholarship, are sometimes allied with dullness, a remark which, I suppose, annoyed one of the tribe of pedagogues, who sent him last week the *Journal of Education*. Contrary to his custom, he opened the magazine, since he thought it hardly likely that in such a publication—which is certainly not devoted to light literature—there would be any allusion to his fictions. Two pages, however, were marked in the inevitable red ink. One contained the unfortunate quotation in connection with "learned idiots"; the other the result of an inquiry into the popularity of living novelists among the pupils of a certain ladies' college. A list of twenty favorite novelists was given, among which his own name was exceedingly conspicuous—by its *absence*. This, I think (though I didn't tell him so), was rather neat.

It is said that the Duke of Cambridge has declined the offer of the sovereignty (or what, under the circumstances, should rather be called the half-sovereignty) of Brunswick. His devotion to the interests of the British army, it appears, is greater even than his desire for a throne. What it is possible, however, may also have weighed with him is that there are no emoluments attached to it. The late Duke of Brunswick has left all his money out of the country, and there seems to be no public funds to support his successor. The Emperor of Germany would, without doubt, relieve him of all trouble, as far as government is concerned; but what is a sinecure without a salary? On the other hand, it is rather noteworthy, and significant of the times in which we live, that a man should not take a kingdom even at a gift.

If some positions go very cheap nowadays which formerly used to be highly valued, others, on the other hand, fetch a fancy price which in old times men used to be paid for holding. From a recent law case we learn that the privilege of driving a four-horse coach two days a week in the summer months is valued at £60. For that money the amateur Jehu was also to enjoy three "preliminary drives." Even in the height of the coaching mania, half a century ago, when gentlemen of fashion used to bore a hole through a front tooth, in order that when "tooling their tits" they should be able to "spit like a coachman," the driving-box was never in such demand as this. To the outside public it is as inexplicable a craze as the passion for bézique or double acrostics.

A poor woman has nearly got into trouble through a nervous promptitude in anticipating events, with which, I confess, I sympathize. As her baby was dying, she made her little preparations for its "laying out," and in hanging a gown before the fire it caught, and consumed the poor child. This seemed to the society in which its life was insured a suspicious circumstance, though the judge very properly thought otherwise. I have with my own eyes seen an expectant widow making her mourning garments by the bedside of her dying husband, without the least notion of the action being—to say the least of it—premature. She was a hard-working woman and a good wife; but the hand of much employment has not the daintiest sense.

A curious example of charity, as regards the doings of persons of another creed, of an eye to the main chance, and also of the dire extremities to which poverty reduces its victims, comes from Upper Hungary. A Christian widow sent her son with a letter to the chief rabbi of her town, offering to sell him some Christian blood, which, as she understood, would form an important feature in some approaching Jewish celebration. The blood she was prepared to lose from her own veins, and expressed a hope that he would give a good price for it, which would enable her to pay her debts. What a revelation of "the unknown life" in this world is this! It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but surely no one has hitherto offered to sell his blood, and in a good cause, with such a purpose.

The profession of literature, though it may lack recognition as a legitimate calling, has probably as numerous a host of followers as any other. Its excessive extension of late years has begotten a class of middlemen which previously had no existence. They are a kind of literary midwife, who profess, however, not only to bring the bantling into the world, but to see it through the first stages of its journey. The office of these unlicensed practitioners is, in my opinion, not only useless, but distinctly mischievous; their object is of course "a commission," which is gained by flattering the vanity of those would-be authors who can not obtain entrance into the ordinary channels of publication, and the result of their labors—when they come to anything—is to increase the flood of worthless books.

It seems from a recent case that there are "gentlemen well known in literary circles" who receive money for introducing people into print, just as some fashionable ladies are understood for a consideration to "place" vulgar millionairesses within the charmed circle of good society. At a time when it almost seems a pity, in view of the sea of twaddle that flows from the circulating libraries, that authors can not be forbidden to rush into print till they have shown themselves capable of writing, just as in other callings an apprenticeship has to be served or an examination passed before persons are permitted to practice it, the appearance of these middlemen is especially to be regretted.

In matrimonial matters the broker is not so much to be deprecated, since persons bent on marriage will probably marry whether assisted by a third person or not; but their existence, if less hurtful than in the commonwealth of letters, seems more deplorable. A widow lady last week is represented as having placed herself in the hands of one of these agents, as the auctioneers say, "without reserve," her only stipulation being that the husband found for her should be "a good, kind man." The desired article was produced at once, and an arrangement effected, though, as it happened, it was never carried out. The peculiarity of the case, as it developed in court, lay in the matrimonial agent.

He was by trade a boot-maker, but being of the Hebrew persuasion, he had both Saturday and Sunday at his own disposal. "On those days," he said, "I am a wedding broker, and do a good deal of business." His lordship was curious to know from which side he received his commission. He said "from both sides." As to the sums, he generally left it to the parties (a device much affected by cabmen) to give "what they pleased"; but if matters turned out satisfactorily, it was only natural that he should be rewarded accordingly. I wonder what are the qualifications of a "wedding broker"? It is clear he should not be too charming, or he might set fire to the inflammable hearts of his lady clients himself.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

GOOD houses in Arabia rent for four dollars a year, but the awkwardness of getting there and getting back will deter business men of moderate means from taking advantage of it as a place of residence, and until the disposition to extend rapid-transit facilities becomes more definitely apparent, Harlem will continue to draw the bulk of the overflow from the more crowded sections of the city.

Paper bottles are in extensive use in Paris. Of course the novelty here lies in the fact that the bottles are paper; not in the fact that they are in extensive use.

The New York *Tribune* says that the peasants of a province in southern Russia use a coin of such small value that it would take 250,000 to buy an American dollar; that a man who has a hundred is looked upon as a money king, and that a man who impiously amasses a thousand is denounced as a robber of the poor. That being so, an impiously large capitalist in the province in question is one who owns two-fifths of a cent, and a money king is a person who has one-twenty-fifth of a cent at his command.

Complaint is made by a San Francisco newspaper because turkeys cost twenty-eight cents a pound in that city, whereas in St. Louis they cost only twelve cents a pound, and because the choicest chickens cost seventy-five cents apiece in San Francisco, as against twenty-five cents in St. Louis. A Santa Clara farmer says in explanation: "Our girls in California are too high-toned to 'tend a poultry yard. In the Eastern States it's the women that feed the chickens and dress them for market, but you couldn't get a Santa Clara girl to demean herself over such things. She's got to study astronomy, and read Tennyson, and play Wagner, and maybe paint a bit with water-colors. She'd rather die than clean a fowl."

The rule of the coal-black swallow-tail coat is becoming more and more broken in Paris. Red coats and breeches were accepted last season, and this season is to behold blue coats and brass buttons, with white waistcoats, light gray trousers, and powdered hair, and brown coats and brass buttons, shawl-pattern waistcoats, brown cloth breeches, gaiters with diamond buckles, and square-toed, high-heeled shoes. But the old-fashioned swallow-tails will be worn to the theatre, for fear that the other sorts of dress might evoke the unpleasant comments of the vulgar.

Martin Murphy, who went to California with the pioneers of 1849, never bothered himself with gold-mining, but went in for cattle-raising, and stuck to it. He died recently at San José, at the age of eighty years, and left $3,000,000 behind him.

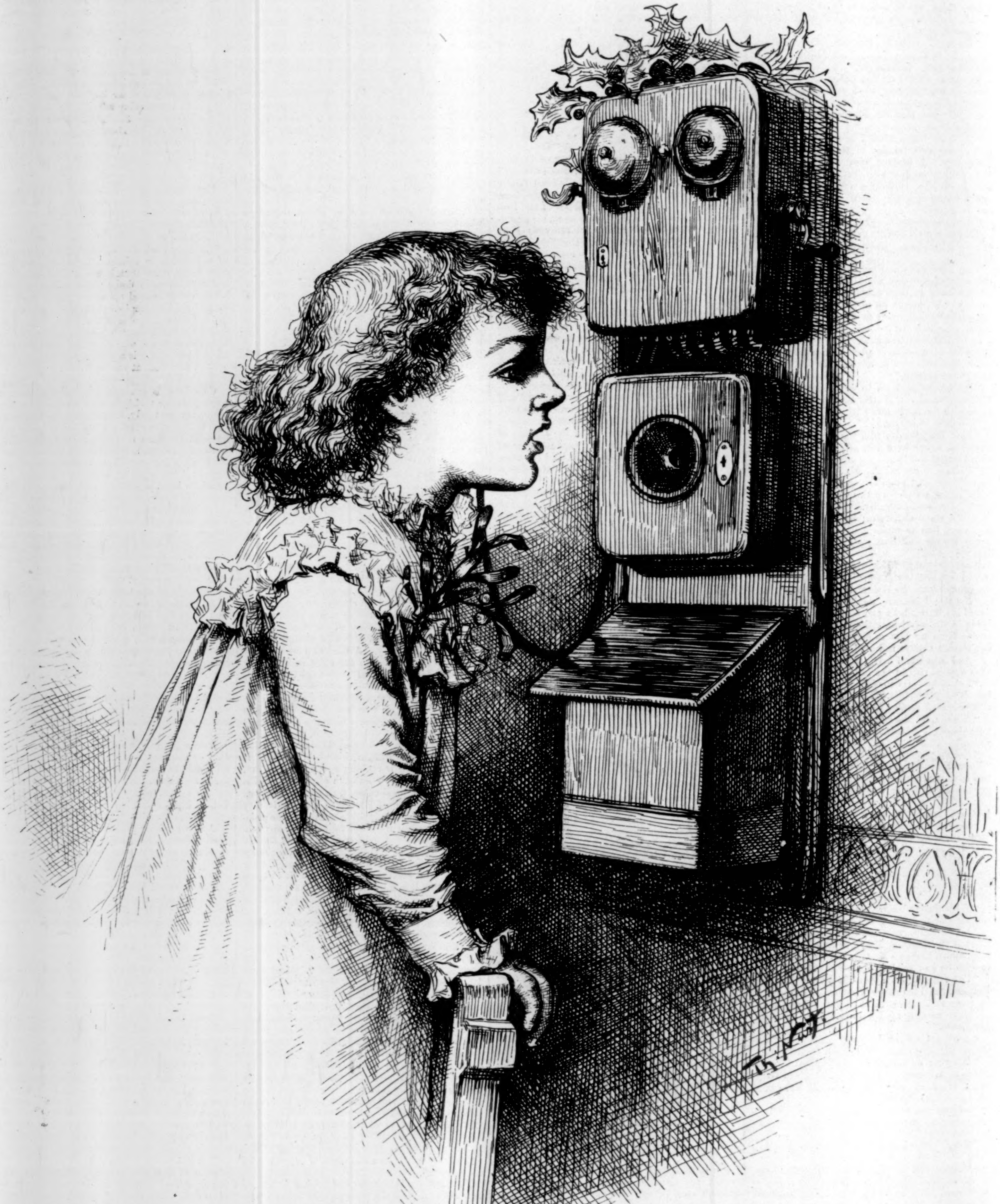
A new perfume called "The Lily's Sigh," and smelling very like heliotrope, is said to hang somewhat sluggishly on the market at the price of eight dollars for a very small bottle.

The universal Yankee nation, which has long supplied England with a good share of her roast beef and old Stilton cheese, and which took pleasure in sending over to the German people all the Westphalian hams they wanted, until Bismarck put his potent foot down upon the practice, is now the possessor of a Swiss and Limburger cheese factory, situated near Oshkosh, Wisconsin, which last season turned out 60,000 pounds of excellent product.

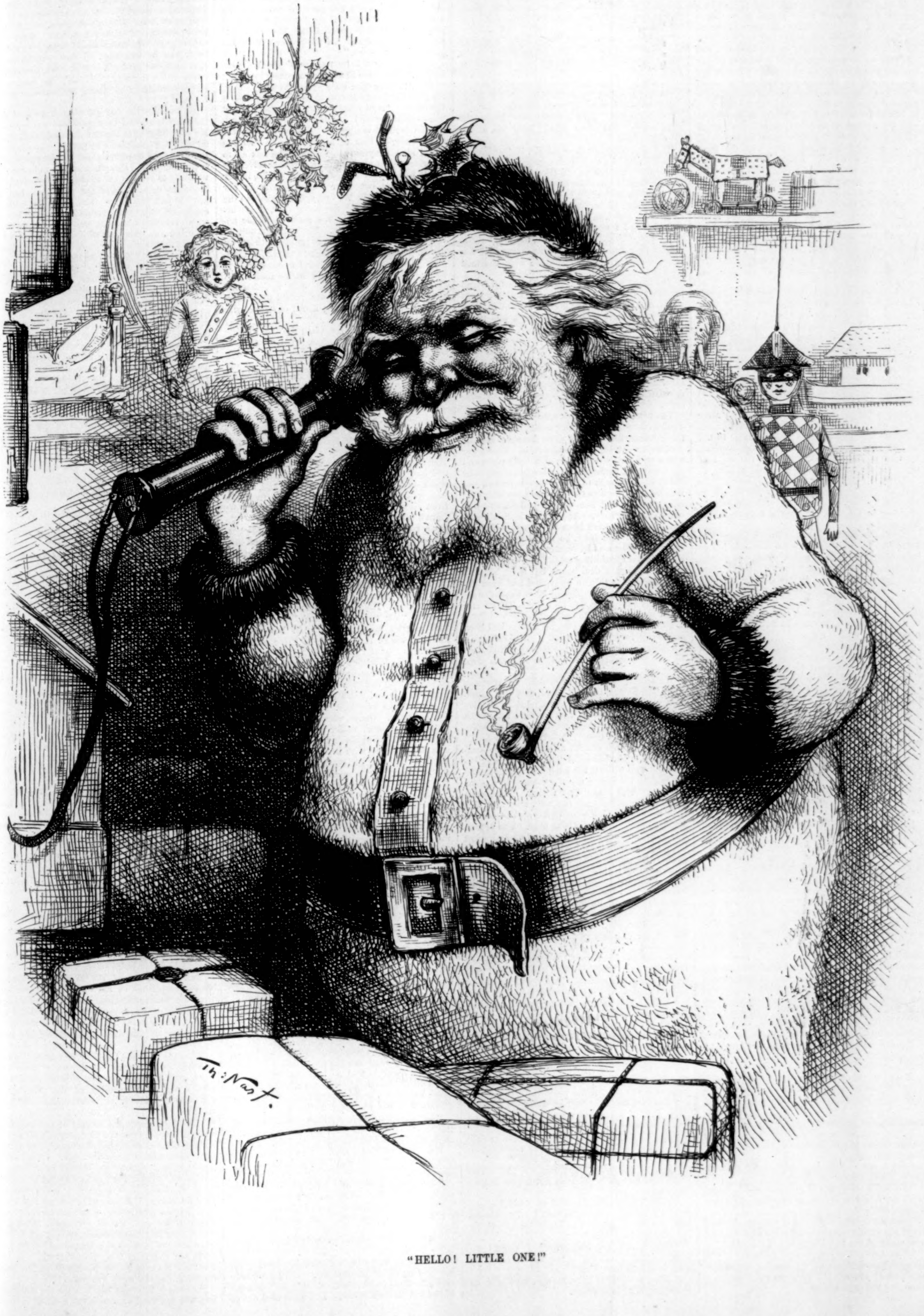
Great Britain counts 10,000 teetotalers in her railway service, and 12,000 among the sailors in her navy.

A man who has lived for three years on the first floor of a house in San Francisco recently became intoxicated, and going up to a room on the second floor, put into his pocket a pistol which he found there, and turned into bed. He was arrested on a charge of burglary, but was found guilty only of carrying a concealed weapon.

The last census taken in Paris places the population of that city in 1881 at 2,239,928. The population of London in the same year was 3,816,483. The Paris population is almost evenly divided as to sex. The earliest Paris census was taken in the year 1700, and the population then was 720,000. In 1876 it had risen to 1,988,806. The city now contains 68,126 dwelling-houses. It counts 621,569 unmarried males, as against 1,098,845 in London, and there are 557,054 spinsters, as against 1,192,253 in the English capital. The majority of the Paris population were born in the provinces, only a little more than 700,000 being natives of the city. There are 167,714 foreigners in Paris, the majority of them being Belgians. There are upward of 31,000 Germans in the city, 10,789 English, and nearly 6000 Americans.



"HELLO! SANTA CLAUS!"



"HELLO! LITTLE ONE!"

THAT EXTRA NIGHT AT THE ACADEMY.

Now that the two opera-houses are in full blast again, I can't help thinking of the time we lived down in Blankville, and the remarkable series of events that almost led to a tragedy there. I was a young woman then. Not that I am an old woman now, but it was only a couple of years after my marriage. My husband was a commercial traveller. I had but the one child, and was around at mamma's most of the time.

It was that season, not very long ago, when a certain distinguished tenor turned more heads than mine. My elder sister, Claudia, was spending the winter with mamma, while her late husband's partner was settling up the business, and she told me in confidence that it seemed to her nothing could so soothe and comfort her in her bereavement as to hear those divine notes of "his" in the upper register; that of course it was impossible to go to the opera during the first year of her widowhood, but if it could be consistent with the decrees of propriety, those ecstatic notes would almost open to her the gates of paradise.

But my younger sister, Claire, was the most extravagant of us all. I must say I think she went a little too far. Her room was lined with all sorts of portraits of him; her portfolio was full of enthusiastic tributes to his lyric genius, clipped from the leading periodicals of the day, and she openly declared that during the opera season she envied the scrubwomen that seemed to have free access to the parapet above the scenes, and sometimes, from that convenient height, adjusted with their brawny hands the somewhat dilapidated scenery of the dear old Academy.

All this was, of course, very unpalatable to Bob Thorne, the young gentleman to whom Claire was engaged. He had, not long before, been one of the *jeunesse dorée* of the metropolis, and held the magic key to its pleasures. Through his generous instrumentality not only Claire, but Claudia and I, had enjoyed many a night at the opera, and on our way there and home again many a costly banquet at Delmonico's. It is only fair to say that when it lay in Bob's power he dispensed these luxuries with a lavish hand. But there came a time when all his worldly possessions were swept away with one bitter stroke of fortune, and with wild and haggard eyes he came to tell us that all now were beyond his reach—operas, luxuries at Delmonico's, and even the hope of marrying the one woman in the world to him.

"Must I lose you, my beautiful, my own?" he said, striding over to her, taking her hands in his, and looking into her eyes with a miserable yearning in his own. "I am a beggar, Claire. You are free."

But Claire wouldn't hear to such a thing. She loved him too well, and was too romantic not to be won over by such a scene. Bob was such a handsome fellow, and had such a fierce melancholy grace about him in his despair, and his blonde comeliness contrasted so charmingly with Claire's Oriental style. There wasn't a dry eye in the room except mamma's when Claire clung to Bob, and vowed that naught but death should part her and him.

It would have been a touching scene if mamma had not spoiled the pathos of it by getting it into her head that Bob must be a defaulter in some way. She turned pale every time the bell rang, and insisted upon Bob's hiding somewhere for the night, and taking the first train in the morning to the wilds of Canada. Bob, whose spirits took a fine leap from the moment Claire clung to him, declared there were as many pitfalls out there for the unwary as among the bulls and bears of the metropolis, and although he had been obliged to part with his seat in the Exchange, the sidewalk was still open to him, and what with his former prestige, and his knowledge of the ins and outs of financial strategy, he might be on his legs again in less than no time.

Whether mamma thought he opened a pea-nut stand on the sidewalk, or sold suspenders there, or what sort of a precarious way poor Bob was compelled to resort to for a living, no amount of persuasion could induce her to believe that he was not hard pushed for the wherewithal to eat and drink and have his being, and she endeavored in so many ways to reduce his expenses that Bob was afraid after a while to light a cigar before he went away. He told me he got a terrible cold and a bad reputation by standing in doorways when the wind was blowing to coax a match to light.

In the mean while the great tenor was singing away to delighted audiences, and all Claudia and Claire and I could do was to gather what comfort we could from the Barmecide feast of laudatory criticism in the morning papers. Tom was away, and if he had been home would never have found the time he could afford to take me to the opera. Claudia was in her first mourning, and Bob's attendance upon Claire prevented other admirers from contributing to her amusement.

It was out of the question, of course, to go with Bob. When he proposed it, our very desire to go only made our refusal the more emphatic, and Claire declared, with tears in her eyes, it was mean to place before us such a temptation.

"You can't afford it," said Claire; and what an expression of mortification and grief flew into Bob's face!

"Who can?" said I. "Not many that we know can afford such a luxury."

"I should think not!" said mamma. "And the money that's thrown away on that foreign mountebank—"

"Mamma!" cried Claire. "If any one else had dared use such a term in connection with the first lyric artist of the age, I'd go out of the room."

"You'll go out of your senses some day if you keep on," said mamma. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself!" And out went mamma, slamming the door after her.

"I'm sorry to hurt mamma's feelings," said Claire, "but I can not quietly listen to such irreverent mention of one who has given me the highest felicity attainable to mortals."

The color rose in Bob's thin skin; he opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again without a word, tugging meanwhile at his yellow mustache, and devouring Claire savagely with his eyes. I put my slipper warningly on Claire's; she looked up, and caught Bob's wrathful eye.

"Any one but mamma," said Claire, in her smoothest and most liquid of tones, "would understand the impersonal character of the admiration inspired by this wonderful interpreter of the divine art."

"If it's a matter of art," said Bob, "why isn't the voice of one of the best prime donne in the world capable of distributing this peculiar felicity?"

"So it is," I stammered.

"Why, certainly," said Claire.

"Who said it wasn't?" said Claudia.

"Oh, nobody," said Bob; "only I thought somehow— But never mind; let's talk about something else."

The next day poor dear old Mr. Biggar invited us to go with him to the next performance at the Academy. He was an old friend of papa's, and played himself upon the bass-viol, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that one of the orchestra of her Majesty's company should, as he said, give him tickets once in a while.

Claire and I went with him, and had a most enjoyable evening. To be sure, the great tenor did not sing, but a famous prima donna did; the opera was a favorite one, and we were charmed with it from beginning to end.

The same week Mr. Biggar's thoughtful friend provided him with more tickets, and we went again, and rehearsed our late enjoyment.

The next time we went the opera was not a favorite one, the leading cantatrice was a little hoarse, and Claire said the rasping notes of the unknown tenor set her teeth on edge. Poor dear Mr. Biggar nodded through most of the opera, and awoke to applaud too vigorously the incidental divertisement. With the exception of these little drawbacks, it was a very pleasurable performance.

The next week we went to the opera twice, the week after we attended the matinée, all through the extreme kindness of poor dear Mr. Biggar. And so it went on for several weeks. Mr. Biggar was a very nice old gentleman, a little plain and old-fashioned, perhaps. Tom used to say that he didn't know enough to go in when it rained, and Bob declared he was too deaf to know one note from another; but Tom was prejudiced, and Bob was blinded by envy. And anyway it didn't matter. He might have been the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he might have had the wisdom of Plato and Socrates put together, and his auricular capabilities might have enabled him to hear through a deal board, but if he had had no opera tickets to give away, and had been denied the requisite perspicacity to use them properly when they came into his possession, all else would have availed him nothing.

The only trouble was that his tickets had been exclusively for what Claire and I called off nights—nights that arose upon the operatic firmament without the great planet—*nights when the great tenor didn't sing.*

We bore it as long as we could. We pretended to Mr. Biggar, to each other, that our happiness was complete. We even tried to deceive ourselves into the belief that we were fully satisfied. Week after week went by. The season was drawing to a close. A feverish color began to burn in Claire's cheek; an unappeasable longing shone in her beautiful eyes. I had long before felt that without the one great planet all the lesser stars were mere will-o'-the-wisps in a hopeless bog. The season flew along. There were only five nights left, only two, only one. All this time we kept hoping, poor Claire and I—hoping against hope. At last it was over. The season was closed. Those off nights that we had spent at the opera began to rankle in our memory. Comparative happiness became to us synonymous with wormwood and gall. Soon the only voice that could interpret to us the divine art would be wafted beyond the seas. Who could say what might become of its owner or of us before the next operatic season would come around? Claire and I said no word upon the subject; it was too painful for ordinary gossip; but we understood each other.

One morning I ran around to mamma's. Claire's little feet were toasting upon the fender. She was reading the morning paper, and looked at me as I entered with a glance that spoke volumes.

"Kitty," she said, with suppressed emotion, "*he* is going to have an extra night."

"Ah!" I sighed.

"For the benefit of his compatriots in exile," she continued.

My enthusiasm in behalf of the great tenor did not extend to his compatriots. It made very little difference to me for whom he was going to sing, as it was not for me.

"I wish it was over, and he was gone," I said. "I'm sick of the opera, anyway. It's all a delusion and a snare."

"Kitty," said Claire, who had not been paying the least attention to me, but was absorbed in thoughts of her own—"Kitty, let's go."

"Go?" I replied. "How *can* we go? You know that miserable old man never gets tickets when he is to sing."

"Kitty," pursued Claire, still unmindful of any remarks I might happen to make, "I've always been anxious to aid *him* in his noble efforts for the benefit of his race."

"Fiddlesticks for his race!" I cried. "I wouldn't give a farthing to buy any one of them a hook to pick rags with."

"What would you give to hear him sing on Friday night?" said Claire.

"Give?" I gasped. "I'd give the eyes out of my head. I'd give a year of my life."

"Would you give five dollars?" said Claire.

I only hesitated a second. I had just five dollars put away for an urgent necessity, but I felt that the cravings of my inner spirit must be appeased at any sacrifice. "We can get a mezzanine box for sixteen dollars," continued Claire. "You and I will pay five apiece; Claudia is willing to give six."

"Claudia!" I echoed.

"Yes," said Claire; "she can sit back in the box so that she will not be observed. Claudia needs this relaxation; it may save her from an attack of nervous prostration. Then she will serve as a chaperon, for if we have a box we can go without an escort."

My heart began to beat at the prospect of such felicity. The mere thought of it turned my head.

"Oh, to hear him once again!" I said, softly, clasping my hands and waltzing on tiptoe around the room. "And what a marvellous cast! And what a divine opera! And to be rid of that dreadful old bore of a Biggar! Not to have to talk to anybody, or look at anybody, or be on one's guard about anything! To have the box all to ourselves—just our own dear, precious selves!"

"It will be very agreeable," said Claire, in her equable tones, but there was a quaver in her voice, and a light in her eye, and a tremble in the white hand that held the newspaper, which betrayed her exultation. We resolved to say nothing to mamma about it. She would be sure to object to everything—to our going without an escort, to our paying so much for a box, to Claudia's going so soon after her bereavement. It was arranged that I should invite Claire and Claudia to spend the night with me, that we should go from my house and return there after the opera, and say nothing about our adventure to anybody.

But at the last moment, when the final touches had been given to our toilets, when the florist's boy had brought a box of cut flowers for Claire, and the twenty-five cent hack that plied to and from the depot stood ready at the door, and we had only twenty minutes to catch the train, who should walk in but Bob Thorne!

There was nothing to do but to take him into our confidence, and give to him the extra seat in the box. After all, it was comfortable to have a gentleman with us, and such a gentleman as Bob Thorne. It was an easy matter to shake out Tom's dress-coat and low vest, brush them up, and hang them upon Bob's shapely figure. He and Tom were about the same build, and, as Bob said, so little of a swallow-tail shows from the front view. It's only the wide expanse of shirt front that really makes the point of sight. We put a rose-bud and a sprig of smilax in his button-hole, bade Bridget be sure and take good care of everything, kissed baby good-by, and went our way rejoicing. Bob would get a cab on the New York side. We told him we'd just as lief take the elevated train, but he insisted upon the cab, and it was certainly much more civilized and comfortable. Then he bought us each a huge bouquet, "for the prima donna," he said; but with a grim inflection that told how well he knew at whose feet the whole three would be thrown.

So in this felicitous way we reached the dear old Academy. Scarce a word had been spoken on our way up to Fourteenth Street. Our hearts were too full, and Bob's flippant badinage seemed almost like sacrilege. We reached the dear old Academy. Claire, who always maintained a graceful composure under the most exciting circumstances, trailed along the corridor in an unexceptionable way with Bob. Claudia, like Hamlet, fast and scant of breath, rested a moment at the top step. I ran speedily on and entered the box alone. Only to stagger back and support myself against the doorway. Something lay upon the cushioned parapet of the box. It was a bit of paper with a few fatal words upon it. I could read them from where I stood, "Owing to the indisposition of Signor—" that name swam before my sight. I almost fell into the seat, and remained motionless.

"What is it?" said Claudia, entering the box, looking first at me, then catching sight of the slip of paper. She stretched forth her hand. "Great Heaven!" she cried, in a hoarse, broken voice, "he is not going to sing, after all!"

A sob fell upon my ear, and turning, I beheld Claire crumpled in the furthermost seat in the box, her face hidden in her hands, weeping passionately. Bob was scowling down upon her with an expression of rage and grief and scorn that frightened me back to my senses.

"Claire!" I said, in a tone of admonition.

Claire raised her head, choked back a sob, and regained her composure. She shook out her train, smoothed her laces, and settled herself in her seat to listen to the overture, which had just begun. All the while the tears hung on her long lashes, her cheeks glowed like the heart of a pomegranate; she never looked so beautiful in her life. But Bob remained pale and stern, looking down upon her with a tragic expression of grief and disdain that was altogether indescribable.

"You could not have yielded yourself to a more passionate outburst of grief if I had been stricken suddenly dead at your feet," he said.

Her lips trembled a little. "There is only the one capacity for suffering," said poor, proud, foolish Claire.

"This is too much," said Bob. "Your arrangements had all been made before I forced myself upon you. I will relieve you of a presence that can only be an intrusion." He turned upon his heel.

"Bob," I cried, "don't be such a fool. Claire, don't let him go."

But Claire never once turned her head from the braying of the instruments. With a few hurried directions to me about the cab, Bob shot out of the box like an arrow. The color died out of Claire's face, but she stared steadily ahead at the "glittering horseshoe that curved between."

As for Claudia, if I had not known that to laugh would be to give way to a fit of hysterics, I should have nearly died at the sight of her. She was fairly purple with rage and disappointment, and the stony gaze she cast upon the unfortunate gentleman who was now endeavoring to fill the tenor *rôle* seemed well calculated to petrify him.

"I told you so," said Claudia. "I knew he wouldn't sing. 'Indisposition!' Pah! He's indisposed to waste his voice when he can just as well save it for another occasion. They say it needs saving. I shouldn't wonder. Just listen to that grinning, knock-kneed pigmy! I suppose he thinks he can sing. I dare say he has an idea he's our money's worth. Oh, the rasping, reedy little monster! If only the ragged old scenery would go to pieces, and smother him on the spot!"

While Claudia was growing more and more purple, Claire had become white as any sheet. My own interest in the entertainment had died at sight of the impresario's apology. At the end of the first act I implored them to quit the scene of such chagrin and disappointment; to linger there was only to prolong the agony. We resolved to go home at once. Claire got upon her feet, and left the box without a word. Claudia, with one explosive look upon the stage, followed her, and we all scurried down the stairs as best we could. Ignoring the existence of the cab Bob had engaged to come after us, we took the elevated road, and reached the depot just in time for the gates to be half-way closed for the ten-o'clock train. We squeezed through, and fled for the boat. The bell rang, the boat started, there was a sudden scurry on the shore. Somebody else had squeezed through a narrower aperture than ours at the gate. It was a man. He came plunging down to the chasm that now yawned between the boat and the bridge. He made one flying leap, and disappeared. He was lost to sight in the choppy ice, the freezing, black, horrible water that gurgled and ground down below. It was Bob. I saw, we all saw, as his overcoat flew open, the rose-bud and the sprig of smilax still in the button-hole of Tom's dress-coat. Claire stood there like a marble statue, Claudia screamed, and I jumped up and down. Bob seemed perfectly self-possessed, and gave distinct orders from the icy depths to his deliverers just how to fling him a rope. I never shall forget how he looked when he was hauled up. He had managed to get rid of his overcoat, and a whole Niagara dripped from Tom's swallow-tail.

Claire uttered a loud cry, and stretched out her hands to him.

"Put her ashore," said somebody. "Poor thing! she's his wife, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Claire. "Oh, please put me ashore!"

They put us all ashore, Claudia leaving half her crape veil on a projecting splinter. Claire would follow Bob into the restaurant, where they gave him some dry clothes and some dreadfully strong brandy, and what with the rummy odor that exhaled from him, and his borrowed clothes being of an inferior quality and imperfect fit, Bob looked like a drunken, dilapidated, handsome blonde tramp. But Claire didn't care; she was perfectly reckless. Although Claudia and I had heard her inveigh against such things by the hour, she let Bob put his arm around her in the train, and smiled up in his face, and hung upon every word that he said.

Bob wanted to know how he was to suppose we would leave the opera just because that ever-to-be-anathematized first lyric artist of the age didn't sing? He had resolved to take us home on his way to China, or somewhere that lyric artists weren't imported, and was waiting for the usual late train. By the merest accident he came out of the restaurant just in time to see us squeeze through the gate. All he could do was to squeeze in after us. "And then I came to grief," said Bob, "as I generally do."

But he didn't, for he married Claire in the spring, and made lots of money on the sidewalk, and I don't believe he was ever so dreadfully poor, for we found out afterward that every one of those off nights that we suffered at the opera were due to Bob. He bought the tickets and gave them to poor dear old Mr. Biggar.

SETTING THE CAP-STONE.

The completion of the Washington Obelisk was accomplished on the 6th inst., by setting in place the marble cap-stone and its pyramidal apex of aluminum. The ceremonies were brief and simple, an elaborate dedication of the monument being reserved for the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

The rain that had poured down steadily all the morning ceased about noon, giving place to a brisk gale of wind, so that few of the invited guests availed themselves of the privilege of climbing the nearly perpendicular ladder from the five-hundred-foot platform to the dizzy height of 533 feet, where the setting of the cap-stone was witnessed by three or four journalists and half a dozen other adventurous climbers. The setting took place soon after two o'clock. On a narrow platform, built around the obelisk near the summit, stood Colonel Thomas L. Casey, the government engineer in charge, and his assistants, Captain Davis, U.S.A., and Bernard R. Green, civil engineer, together with Master Mechanic McLaughlin and several workmen. The cap-stone, weighing 6300 pounds, suspended from a quadrupod of heavy joists, supported by the platform, and towering forty feet above it, was successfully lowered to its resting-place, the apex fastened, and the work was done.

As soon as the cap-stone was set, the American flag was unfurled overhead, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by Major Hanneman's militia battery in the White House grounds far below. The sound of cheers also came up faintly from a crowd of spectators gathered around the base of the monument, while a number of invited guests on the five-hundred-foot platform and in the interior of the monument at that level struck up the "Star-spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs.

Among those present on this occasion was one of the master mechanics who laid the corner-stone of the structure more than thirty-six years ago, and the old watchman of the monument, who has been continuously employed in that capacity during nearly the whole of the intervening period.

The monument thus happily completed rises to the height of 555 feet above the floor, which is seventeen feet above the surrounding ground, thus giving a total height of 572 feet. The spires of the Cologne Cathedral, the next highest structures in the world, seem dwarfed by comparison. Their height is 515 feet above the floor of the cathedral, and 525 feet above the street pavement. The Washington Monument looks down upon them from the superior altitude of forty-seven feet.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SLEEPING.

Good sleep and good health very generally go together, while bad sleepers are likely to be invalids, and will certainly become invalids if the sleeplessness be not cured. The old writers give long and rather distressing lists of the ailments which have *insomnia*, or sleeplessness, as a symptom. Gout, rheumatism, affections of the skin, hysteria, dyspepsia, exhaustion, anxiety, oversustained exertion of the mind, impending apoplexy—these are some of them; by no means all. Bad sleep is often a cause as well as a symptom of disease; good sleep is an important means of prevention.

And what is good sleep? It is that periodical suspension of voluntary motion and of sensation that recruits all the physical and mental faculties. "Only in complete sleep does the brain thoroughly recruit itself," says Dr. Blandford, "and lay up energy to be expended in the waking hours. In sleep there is no expenditure, but constant renewal, of nerve power." And how much sleep do we need?

There is no snap answer to this question. The amount needed varies with the age, the sex, the temperament, the occupation, of the individual: it varies, too, with race and climate. Infants sleep the greater part of the time; children up to eight years old should spend nearly half their time in sleep. Ten hours thenceforward, until the age of puberty, are a good average nightly ration or dose of slumber. During mature life there is great diversity of practice. The famous school of Salerno declared that six hours were enough, whether in youth or age, and that seven hours were pure laziness. No one, added these learned faculties, should allow himself to sleep eight hours.

I think that the professors of the eleventh century laid down a too rigorous law. For people at least who are laboriously busy, eight hours is not usually too much. The old require less, because they do not need so much repair of nerve and muscle as those who are in the prime of their activity. The important thing is that we decide practically, not theoretically, what our individual need is. If my own need be eight hours, it makes no difference that the school of Salerno or any other learned persons have laid down a theoretical average of six hours as the correct thing. For hard-working people, whether they work with brain or hand, eight hours is probably seldom too much.

There are people who never fully satisfy their natural hunger for sleep. For sleep, unlike our food and drink, is easily measured to a nicety; and many people have a fear of wasting time in sleep. There is no corresponding check against eating too much. The result is that the same person sometimes may practice injurious asceticism in sleep and gluttony in feeding. If we could measure our food as easily as our sleep, we should eat less, and in consequence there would be fewer indigestions and dyspepsias, and fewer trips to Saratoga, Vichy, and Carlsbad. Too much sleep, also, is injurious; for one thing, it is fattening, like too much food and drink. But there are few gluttons of sleep in our restless community. The danger is the other way with us; and whether we deny ourselves on a theory of so many hours, or whether toil, or watching, or travelling, or society, robs us of sufficient sleep, we shall surely suffer sooner or later.

The causes of sleeplessness range from the most whimsical to the most grave; acute or chronic diseases like those I have named are not more effective preventives than things that seem the merest eccentricities. Some persons can not sleep without hearing the ticking of a clock; some require absolute silence; others require a room carpeted in a particular way, or an adjoining closet door kept open, or a string tied around a finger or toe, or the repetition of some benumbing formula, or, on the contrary, the continuance of a loud noise to which they are accustomed, as in the case of some laborers in machine shops. The stopping of the engine in a sea-going steamer will wake not only all the officers, but the more experienced travellers on board. The worst of it is that some of the most trivial causes are among the hardest to relieve. Insomnia, when it has become a true mental disease, is sometimes incurable.

The cure of sleeplessness depends upon the cause: how various the causes are we have seen. I will not enumerate the devices for procuring slumber in the ordinarily healthy; they are very numerous, but none of them have any general application. One counsel may be given, for it is not hackneyed; it is this: *Learn to sleep in the daytime.* This art is one which everybody has not acquired. People there are—I know such people—who are wise enough to eat when they are hungry, but who have never attained that higher reach of wisdom, to sleep when they are sleepy. But occasions come to all of us when we need to be able to sleep in the daytime at will. Have you failed to get your needed sleep, whether because of work or watching, or sorrow or pleasure? Then repose in the daytime is the restorative needed. There is great virtue in naps—even in short ones—and the art of napping in the daytime, if you have not learned it already, is one to be learned without further delay. It may require a little practice, but nature is on the side of the learner.

And lastly, here is a bit of philosophy, written by a wise man and physician, Dr. Frank Hamilton. Let me hope that at least one of my readers, if only one, will be wise enough to profit by its wisdom: "Gloomy thoughts prevent sleep. The poor and unfortunate magnify and increase their misfortunes by too much thinking. 'Blessed be he who invented sleep,' but thrice blessed be the man who shall invent a cure for thinking."

Titus Munson Coan.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR GONE.

The death of Mr. Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, removes one of the wealthiest and most generous men of the country. He was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, eighty-four years ago, and the earliest part of his business life was spent in a store in his native State. In 1821 he became a clerk on a steamboat on the Ohio River, in which business he remained until 1830, when he was admitted to partnership in the house of Kilgour, Taylor, & Co., in Cincinnati, which was then composed of John Kilgour and Griffin Taylor. In 1840 this firm dissolved, having been largely successful. For several years Mr. Springer was a director of the Little Miami, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago railroads, in both of which he was among the heaviest stockholders. His fortune has been estimated at over $50,000,000. He was widely known for his magnificent gifts to the public in the form of the Music Hall, the Exposition Buildings, and the College of Music, to which, within the past nine years, he contributed about $300,000. Mr. Springer was slightly indisposed on Sunday, and kept to his bed on Monday, but on Tuesday he was up. The next morning when he had breakfasted he died in his chair, probably of paralysis of the heart.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

The soothing virtue of oil poured on troubled waters has been proverbial for ages, but of late years an important application has been given to this familiar fact by employing oil to calm the waves around vessels in storm and stress. Making all allowance for exaggeration, we think that several recorded instances of the successful use of oil by boats or ships in danger are supported by credible evidence. More than that, a series of experiments carried on not long ago in a Scotch harbor seemed to us decisive as to the value of this sedative for ruffled seas, within certain limits.

But one of the most valuable of the contributions to this interesting subject is the thorough series of investigations recently undertaken by Captain H. W. Chetwynd, of the British navy, Chief Inspector of Life-boats, concerning which he has just made a report to the Royal National Life-boat Institution. As his experiments have the same bearing on this side of the ocean as on the other, we shall summarize their results for our readers.

First, then, all ordinary oils are found to have about the same calming effect—colza, linseed, fish, seal, and so on, and in some cases paraffine was used with the same result. A very little oil covers with its glassy surface a great space of water. Of the many ingenious contrivances for applying the oil the simplest and best seems to be a canvas bag loosely sewn or pierced with holes to allow the oil to escape steadily.

In general it may be said that the experiments of the district inspectors, carried out in the life-boats, upon which Captain Chetwynd reports, all show that the oily film will convert a surf that endangers small open boats into the undulation of a harmless swell. It will for ordinary boats kill breakers that are fairly to be reckoned perilous. On the other hand, in the very heavy breakers which life-boats are accustomed to encounter, oil is powerless. Frequently a big breaker, rising in a moderate surf which the oil was robbing of its danger, would tear through the smoothed roll, and smear the life-boat with oil. On dangerous outer breakers off the coast of Cornwall, caused not by wind, but by a heavy groundswell, oil had no effect whatever. Hence Captain Chetwynd would not make oil an appliance to be carried on life-boats. To be of use it would have to be poured from the boat in the direct line from which the seas are advancing, and at a sufficient distance to give it time to spread and act before the waves reach the boat. This could probably only be done in a life-boat when anchored and lying head to sea and tide, or when running dead before the sea for the shore. Except in these positions it would be difficult to keep the life-boat within the influence of the oil while going for a wreck, especially as the current is usually swift along shore.

The extreme advocates of oil might urge that while the life-boat itself could live in heavy seas, it ought to take the oil in order to insure an easy approach when near the endangered vessel, and for the sake of the latter. At all events, Captain Chetwynd does not scruple to say that for ordinary open boats "its adoption can not be too strongly urged."

Turning now from the experiments of the British life-boat force to the actual use of oil in the open sea, we find it employed when running before a heavy sea, when hove to in a gale of wind, and when lowering boats in a heavy sea. As to its use at the entrance of harbors we have already spoken, and Messrs. Shields and Gordon are worthy of praise for their zeal and persistency in elucidating this part of the subject, their public-spirited experiments having cost much labor and money. A central question here is as to whether the harbor should be supplied with a fixed apparatus for distributing the oil, at needed times, for the public good, just as it may be supplied with a costly breakwater for the same purpose of maritime safety, or whether the vessels themselves should be expected to carry oil bags.

A bottle or a can will do perfectly well for oiling the ocean when no more elaborate appliance is at hand, and in practice devices as simple as that of knocking in the head of an oil barrel have proved effectual. However, since in the future, when this subject shall have been more largely exploited, oil may become as commonplace a provision on shipboard as life-rafts, it may be well to note Captain Chetwynd's counsel as to the best means of applying it. He recommends for a vessel running before a sea a bag hung over each bow, since this gives the oil time to spread before reaching far astern. In a ship hove to, the bags should be hung on the weather side, or put overboard to windward attached to light lines, as they will not drift as fast as the ship, and hence will cover the surface in the direction from which the waves are advancing. For open boats various similar contrivances are adopted, and it is evident that metallic cans of oil could be kept in the perforated bags ready for use.

There is something a little grotesque, if very practical, in thus applying oils to mollify enraged Neptune. Those who have read that not very exciting poem of Robert Pollock, entitled "The Course of Time," may perhaps recall these lines:

> "He laid his hand upon the ocean's mane,
> And played familiar with his hoary locks."

Byron also has a well-known passage in regard to the ocean's mane; nevertheless, it does seem taking an almost unwarrantable liberty with these locks to slick them down with hair-oil.

Such, however, is the present promise. "It seems incredible," says Captain Chetwynd, in speaking of oil for the sea, "that its use is not general and an every-day occurrence." Probably at no distant day it will become such an occurrence.

THE METHODIST CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

The representatives of the various Methodist churches met in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 9th of the present month, for the purpose of commemorating the organization of American Methodism in that city one hundred years ago. Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war the Methodists, the Protestant Episcopalians, and the Roman Catholics took measures for the complete formation of their Churches. The Protestant Episcopalians, as well as the Roman Catholics, were without a bishop, and the Methodist societies—first founded in 1766—were subsisting without the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. For these the Methodists had been dependent more or less on the clergy of other Churches. By a bold measure, which was no doubt canonically irregular, their founder, John Wesley, provided them with a bishop, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke, who came to America with authority to constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church. The meeting of the preachers with this bishop, the forming of themselves and their people into a Church on the doctrinal basis of the Articles of the Church of England, is the event which the meeting in Baltimore is intended to celebrate.

The Conference of 1784 and its surroundings contrast strikingly with the surroundings of this great and multitudinous people at the present time. Then there were eighty-four preachers in all, most of them laymen without special training for the functions of their office. Now the number of ministers approaches closely to 20,000. Then the societies counted all told less than 18,000 members; now the number of Methodist communicants in the United States is said to be three and three-quarter millions. The intervening years since 1784 represent an amount of courage, faith, and self-sacrifice without parallel in modern ecclesiastical history. Even the most captious critic must concede the incalculable good done to the masses of the common people by the untiring zeal of Methodist preachers. Fertile in resource, skillful in reaching the common mind, powerful in arousing the religious emotions, and at the same time exact in moral discipline, they have been the educators in the rudiments of right living of untold thousands who had otherwise been without proper guidance. Notably in the settlement of the States of the Mississippi Valley—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota—they have been the pioneers of civilization, and have left an indelible impress upon the character of the people. Their success among the negroes of the South is shown in the fact that there are now more than a half-million of colored Methodists.

When Cardinal Manning, immediately upon the close of our civil war, organized a college near London for the training of priests who should labor for the conversion of the Southern negroes to Romanism, he must have been unaware of the fact that for nearly a century the Catholic missionary had in this field been preceded by the Methodist itinerant.

In the course of the century much in the forms and ecclesiastical life of Methodists has changed. The picturesque circuit-rider travelling his round, and weaving into unity by his stated visitations his twenty or thirty little societies, has given place to the pastor who seldom mounts the horse or takes the field. Log and rough plank meeting-houses have been superseded by commodious churches. The scant fare and privations which tested the itinerant's powers of endurance have been succeeded by abundant resources of comfort. Schools of all grades, colleges more or less ambitious, and some of them well equipped and on the way to high rank, are evidence of the energy with which the Methodists have thrown themselves into the work of education. The worship, if less demonstrative, is still notably devout; much of the old power of song remains, that popular song which catches the common ear and holds the common heart. The camp-meeting still flourishes, and with it the social spirit which has been characteristic of Methodism in all its generations; the preaching, if not so startling as in the olden time, is still popular and persuasive.

In pulpit power the century of American Methodism has had some illustrious examples; Summerfield, Fisk, Olin, Durbin, Bascom, and Simpson are names as familiar as household words in thousands of American homes, and are cherished with the same affectionateness which is conceded to the names of Clay and other political leaders of the first half of our century. In their doctrinal opinions the Methodist churches of this country adhere faithfully to the lessons which they learned from their fathers of the Church of England. No one of their important theological ideas has in the course of the century become obsolete.

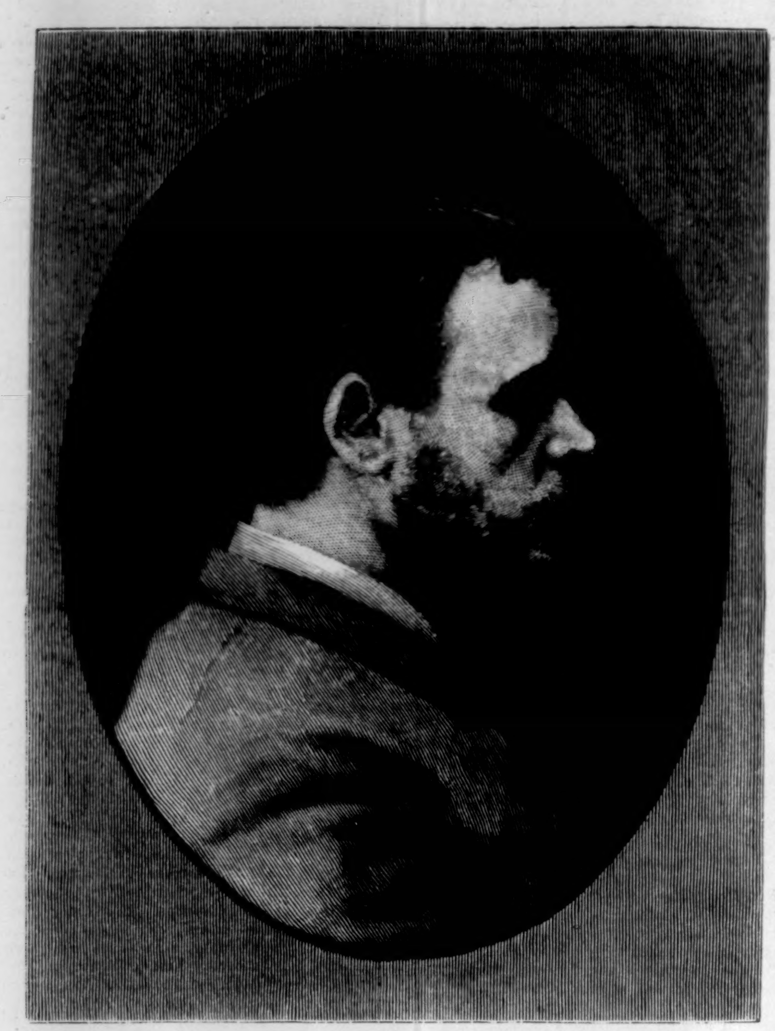
No one who has observed the progress of Methodism in this country, and who wishes well to American institutions, can hesitate to wish it continued prosperity. It has carried lessons of self-restraint and obedience to moral law to multitudes who would otherwise have been left without religious discipline of any kind. In its earlier days it was misunderstood, misrepresented, opposed. Its fervor was called enthusiasm; its power over the people, the sway of a dangerous delusion; its intense realization of the verities of the spiritual world, a species of madness. Even good men have felt themselves in duty bound to resist its advance as boding danger to sober religion. But time has cleared away these misconceptions. The establishment of temperance and its kindred virtues of thrift, order, domestic and social, the awakening in the minds of many the ambition to do well, have proved the beneficence of its work. And in view of the inflowing of the poor of the world to our country, and their need of moral training, who can doubt that the Methodist churches, and all the churches, are by their labors of evangelism rendering the best possible service to the state? Every peaceable and morally cultured family is so far a guarantee of the permanence of our political institutions. If the Methodists shall in the coming century double the achievements of the century past, they will have contributed just so much more to the securing for our later posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

The follower of Wesley who journeys to Baltimore to attend this commemorative Conference will look in vain for the humble chapel in which the first Bishop was ordained and the Church brought into organized form. The place was Lovely Lane, now a centre of banking business. The building was small, and would probably seat three hundred persons. The seats were hard, and without backs. The floors were uncarpeted. Tin sconces held the tallow candles which gave light for the evening service. The preachers, to the number of seventy or more, whom we see gathered there are ruddy with vigorous health, for they are an evangelical cavalry, and live on horseback. The place, the meeting itself, and the men are so obscure that the city scarce takes note of them. Between December 24, 1784, and the first days of January, 1785, their task is done, and they are off, with their new bishop, Asbury, to lead, penetrating the wilderness and keeping abreast of the westward advance of the population. That their task was well done is proved by the fact that though separated by the political and ecclesiastical strifes of past years into several families, the Methodists of the United States meet together at the close of 1884 in harmony and peace still, in doctrine and usage the same people as a century ago.

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

This eminent French painter, who was born in 1848 at Damvillers, died at Paris on the 11th inst., when he had hardly reached his prime. He was young, handsome, and ambitious—how ambitious may be seen from a statement made by him two years ago to a French writer: "I wish to open and to shut the book of life in the fields, beginning with the birth of the baby and ending with the death of the grandfather. Within this extensive cycle I desire to delineate all those joys that are known as infancy, courtship, marriage, baptism; the sorrow that is called an eternal separation; and such varied subjects as the school, the watching in the sick-room, the tavern, the forge, and the farm." The interests of rural life, he added, "are beyond the limits traced by mere men of talent. It requires genius to depict them, and when they have been depicted they should prove to be a surprise and a revelation."

That Bastien-Lepage possessed the ability to carry out a scheme so comprehensive and exacting his intimate friends confidently believed. He had, indeed, many admirers who declared him to be the founder of a school, and predict that history will accord to their favorite that distinguished rank. In their eyes his pictures are perfect, and when a painter like George Inness attempt-



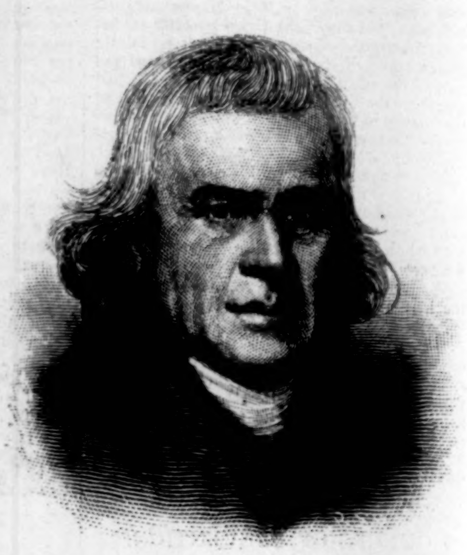
JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—From a Photograph by Godet, Paris.

ed to criticise one of them in a public lecture, the words in some quarters were an offense. His dogmas are of more than gospel authority in the creeds of his partisans, and he had a delightful capacity for impressing his personality upon the affection of some of our younger painters.

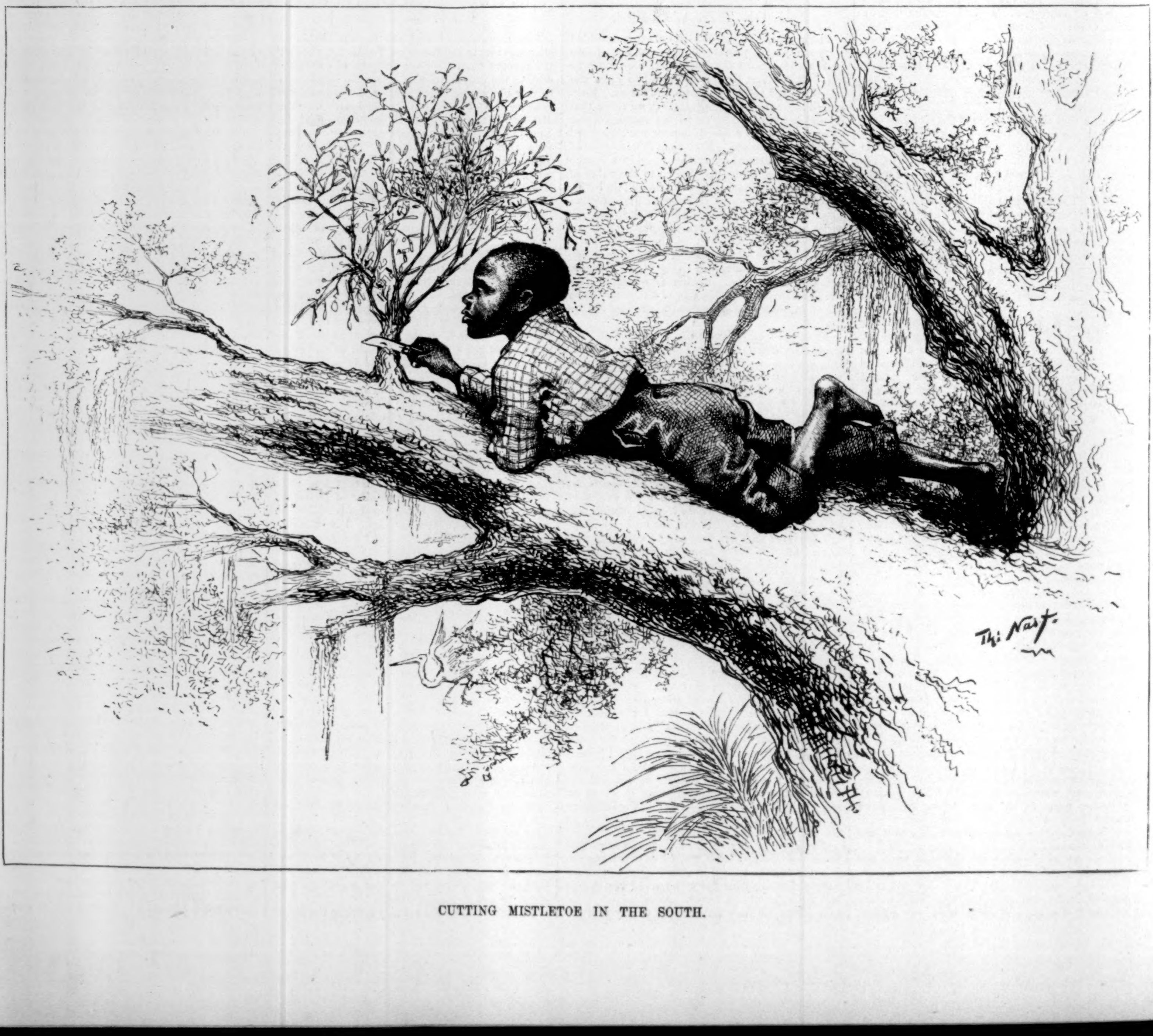
Like Munkacsy and many other illustrious artists, soldiers, and statesmen, Bastien-Lepage was of humble origin. Visitors to the little village where his father's hamlet lies speak of the simplicity and utter unpretentiousness of the rustic existence, and Bastien-Lepage himself, when painting for the Salon the portraits of his parents on a single canvas, plunged fearlessly into the most uncompromising realism. Those who knew him best are proud to relate how unconventional was his appearance on first arriving in Paris to acquire the art of which he became a master. When he was competing for the Prize of Rome, and had sent in his picture—"The Shepherds" was the subject—and had heard and read all sorts of kind and complimentary things about it, and then learned that another student had received the prize, he was for a moment cast down and disheartened. But the disappointment quickly blossomed into a blessing, for, drying his tears—metaphorically drying them, since there is no record that he actually shed any—Jules Bastien-Lepage resolved to go to Nature instead of to Rome. It was a lofty and most advantageous resolve. It made a man of him. It gave to the world his "Jeanne d'Arc."

Many of us have seen this large and striking work, and remember the interest with which its promised advent on these shores was awaited. We remember the picture itself—the low-born peasant woman standing in an orchard in the sunshine, coarse in features, hands, arms, feet, and clothes, unconscious of the brave knight and the pretty virgin with an offered wreath who presided over her consecration to the mission of saving her country, unconscious even of herself, it seemed, for the light of the fruition of her self-renunciatory purpose suffused that earnest, homely face. There she stood, her arm outstretched, her eyes uplifted, invoking the divine acceptance of a sublime and deathless dedication; and though the scoffer might say that Bastien-Lepage's Jeanne was of presence too mean to command the devotion of battalions of armed men, that if her mother had laid hold of her belt and shaken her never so gently the immortal girl would have fallen to pieces, and that the histories of the Maid may be searched in vain to disclose the fact that she was pigeon-toed, yet the total impression made upon the spectator was one that he could not easily get away from, and even if he wished to get away from it there was enough sweetness of atmospheric effect and juiciness of deliciously toned grass to detain him long, in spite of infelicity of composition and impossibility of perspective.

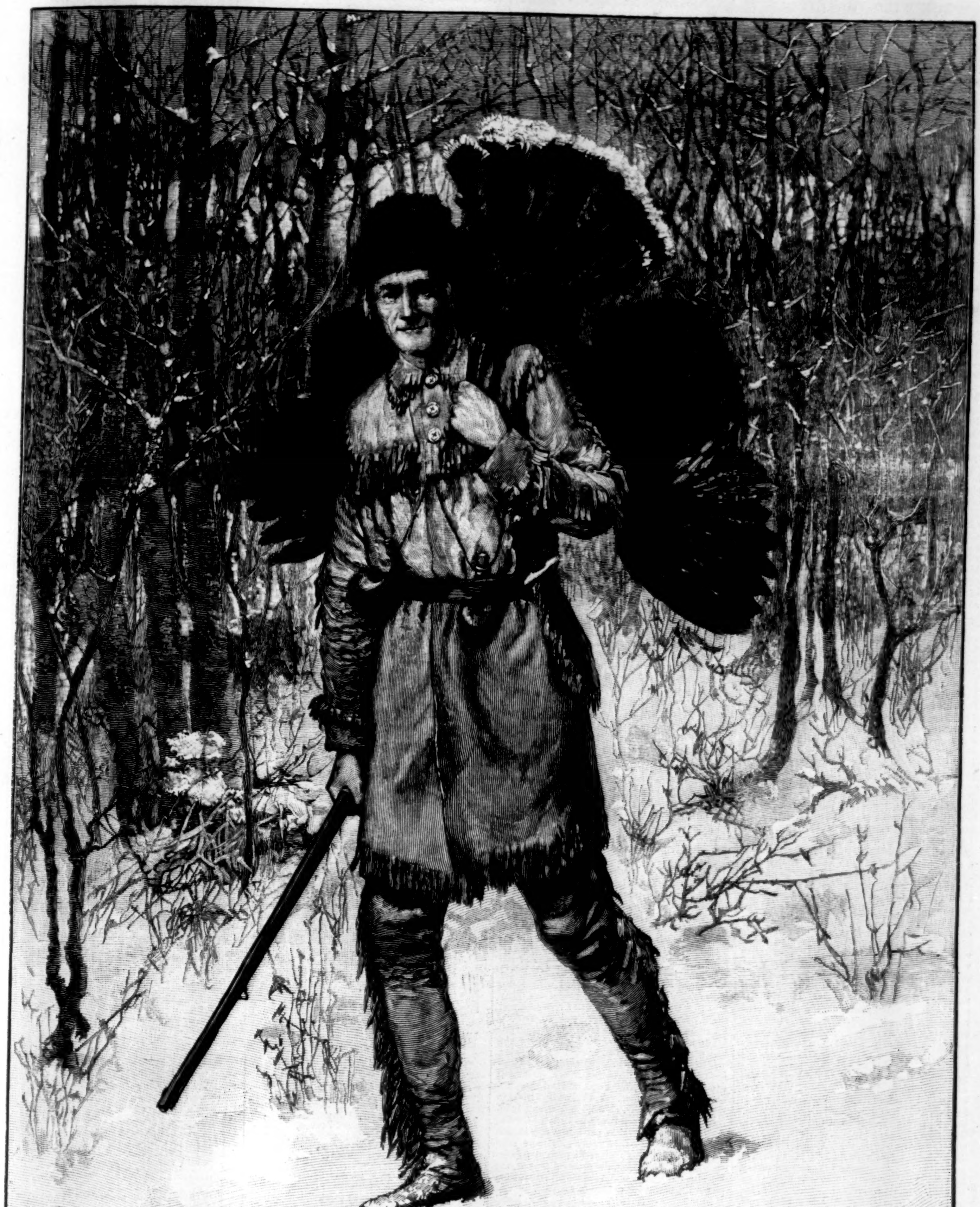
The death of Bastien-Lepage is a great loss to art. Although it may be said that he was more an artist for artists and connoisseurs than for the general public, he was a man of great originality and promise, and originality is a rare quality in art as well as in literature.



FRANCIS ASBURY, FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL BISHOP ORDAINED IN THE UNITED STATES.
[See Page 845.]



CUTTING MISTLETOE IN THE SOUTH.


A. B. FROST.
Feb 1884.

IN LUCK.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Article on "The Wild Turkey," Page 848.]

THE WILD TURKEY.

THE claim of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN that the wild turkey rather than the bald-headed eagle should have been chosen as the emblematic bird of the United States was more plausible in the middle of the last century than in the latter part of the present. The largest and noblest of our game fowl, as common as is the domesticated turkey to-day, Mr. FRANKLIN may have detected in the wild species peculiarities of temper and habit in exceptional harmony with those of our people as they then were. Vast changes have since occurred. No one will deny that the bird of prey is to-day the fittest representative of our national character.

The absurdity of local names is not more emphatically shown than in that of "turkey" as applied to the subject of this article. It was a name bestowed upon the bird by the English for no better reason than at the time of its introduction into England most foreign articles were supposed to come from the East. The French *dindon*, a corruption of *coq d'Inde*, and the Italian *gallo d' India*, would imply a similar ignorance on the part of the other Continental nations. As a matter of fact, the wild turkey was carried by the early conquerors of Mexico to the *West* India Islands, thence to Spain and other parts of Europe. The confusion of the East with the West Indies was probably the origin of the misnomer.

There can be no question that this bird was unknown to people of other lands until after the discovery of America. The North American continent is his birth-place. To the wild stock there first known the world is indebted for the domesticated species now found in every part of the civilized world. Cultivation, it is claimed, has not improved the breed. It requires a vigorous stretch of the imagination to discover culinary merits in the wild turkey which are not equalled or surpassed by the domesticated species peculiar to certain chosen localities. Moreover, there is claimed on the part of the wild bird a more brilliant plumage. This, also, is a popular fallacy. The bronze turkey of the farm-yard in his early spring feather is in size, weight, and brilliancy of color the peer of his savage brother. The most easily observed differences between the wild and farm-yard bird are the presence in the latter of a fleshy dewlap extending from the under mandible to the neck, the bare wrinkled skin of its head and neck is much less blue, and is sprinkled with a smaller number of hairs.

In the barn-yard species there is a great diversity of color, ranging from the bronze to the purest white. The plumage of the wild bird is a beautiful golden copper, with purple and green reflections, mottled and blended with a soft black. The lower part of the back is an iridescent brown, and the tail, which is a darker hue, has a broad black band at a short distance from the extremity, with an outer border of dark yellowish-brown. The plumage of the female, a very much smaller bird, rarely exceeding nine pounds in weight, has a gray tinge, and in general color very much less brilliant. The male weighs between sixteen and thirty pounds, the average weight being twenty pounds.

No animal, and certainly no other bird, requires for its capture more skill, patience, or the exercise of the keener instincts of the gunner. To be a successful turkey-hunter one must thoroughly understand the haunts and habits of the bird. Lightness of foot and keenness of vision are indispensable. With many varieties of game fowl a close imitation of the call of the bird is frequently a great assistance. With the wild turkey, the power to imitate the gobble of the male or the softer notes of the female is an indispensable adjunct to success. There are very rare and exceptional instances where persons have the gift of imitating with wonderful precision and exactness the cries of these birds by the aid of the voice alone. As a rule, however, artificial aid is required; this is found by making a "call" out of the small bone of a turkey's wing or out of wood or brass. The gobble of the male is imitated by the human voice alone; the "call" is used exclusively to counterfeit the notes of the female. A gunner expert in the use of this instrument, well hidden in a blind near some open spot of our Southern woods—for it is there only that the few surviving flocks of wild turkeys can be found—equipped with endless patience, may by perseverance and skill lure the lusty gobbler within gun-shot. He must be alert, however, or his colored brother will have harvested the crop before him. Between the Southern darky and the wild turkey there is an affinity which has existed from the earliest days of slavery. Since the war, as the restraints which formerly kept the darky under surveillance have been removed, he has waged relentless warfare on the wild turkey. He scorns all legitimate methods of killing him. He traps him, he baits him, he "calls" him, and he gives him no peace at any season of the year. The results of this are the same as with all of our game fowl; the wild turkey will in a few years become as extinct as the dodo.

The proper season to hunt wild turkeys is late in the autumn, when, after a summer diet of wild strawberries and other fruits, they have had a couple of months' run among the acorns and mast. At this season, copiously fed and in brilliant plumage, they are so uncommonly alert and shy that only by the exercise of great skill and patience they can be approached within the range of a rifle. While stalking these birds is probably the fairest way of killing them, "calling," where birds are moderately abundant, is the method which requires the greater display of skill, and keeps the nerves of the hunter at a greater tension. Even moose "calling" is not more exciting. If one, however, has well-trained dogs, is insensible to fatigue, and a prime rifle-shot, wild-turkey-stalking through the Southern woods in December is a sport as exhilarating and fascinating as any within reach of the sportsman.

GASTON FAY.

AN ENGLISH ELECTION, 1784.

ON the 14th of January, 1784, we are told by a London paper that "General Sir Guy Carleton, late commander-in-chief at New York, arrived in town on Wednesday. When he sailed, all the British and Hessian troops, with the loyalists, had left New York, and the Americans, with General Washington at their head, were in peaceable possession of that city." Little more was said of the loss of the colonies that year by the Parliament or the London press. The subject was not a pleasant one; but soon there occurred in London a remarkable election, that seems to show how swiftly American ideas had crossed the sea. It was the people of Westminster rising in defense of their natural rights against the despotic tendencies of the court. Charles James Fox appeared as their leader. Dissolute, worthless, amiable, gifted, accomplished, he had declared himself the "friend of the people." The people had accepted him as their candidate. A new election came on; the court proposed its own members; and a fierce struggle began between the two factions that awoke strange thoughts in the minds of men. "Fox and Freedom," "The Man of the People," were the mottoes of the popular party.

The election was "a continued scene of riot and confusion." At the nomination held in Covent Garden, the candidates appeared together on the platform, but the noise and clamor of the multitude prevented them from being heard. The polls for voting were opened April 1, and were not closed until the 16th of May. They closed in a fearful scene of riot and bloodshed. A violent conflict broke out between the people and the constables. The constables were driven out of Covent Garden, and fled down King Street. The Guards were called out, and the butchers, who, armed with marrow-bones and cleavers, had played the chief part in the riot, were arrested or driven away. Many were injured in the severe struggle. The High Constable, Mr. Eliot, and many of his officers, were severely bruised and wounded. One constable died of his wounds, and his funeral was made a subject of political strife. The Foxites charged that the constables had been used to overawe the electors; the court party, that the opposition were in fault. It was a month of terror to all the quiet people of the city.

At the close of the election the victor was carried in a triumphal procession through the London streets. Before him went the firemen, the butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers and white waistcoats and cockades. Music, flags, and a long procession of citizens followed. Then came a banner inscribed, "Man of the People," a committee "sumptuously mounted"; and then Mr. Fox, in a chariot simply adorned with laurel, myrtle, and flowers. And last appeared the coaches-and-six of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, and a train of liveried servants. The streets were crowded. The windows of the Whig nobility shone with the fairest faces of the time; and at Carleton House the Prince of Wales, who was then a Foxite, conversed for a few moments with several gentlemen of the procession. Soon after he gave a breakfast to the chiefs of his party. Carleton House, in the centre of the city, had a garden of ten acres, with lawns, trees, and flowers. The tables were spread under the trees, the ladies danced on the lawn, and the politicians, Fox, Lord North, and others, we are told, retired to converse upon public affairs under the grateful shade.

It was a dark, sad period for Europe and America. Our ancestors in both worlds were strangely inhuman and barbarous. Duels of the bloodiest character were fought in great numbers to the dark end around London. Wild mobs tore down or burned buildings in Scotland, and filled Dublin with incessant terror. Ireland was almost in rebellion. Robbery and bloodshed prevailed everywhere. One of the most repulsive traits of the time was the frequency of executions. Slight and trivial offenses were punished with death. Every month ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty criminals were hanged in front of Newgate, and the London crowd was never weary of the fearful scene. Mary Moody was executed for "privately stealing linen" from a house where she was a servant; John Lee, a cultivated scholar, was hanged for forgery; John Doucey, for stealing twenty shillings; Thomas Moore, for taking two gold watches. Death was inflicted upon women, children, old men. Yet crime flourished in the small community, and life was strangely insecure. In New York it was no better. Twelve persons were executed in our infant city in one year—a proportion that would give more than four hundred executions for its present population. The debtors' jail, the crowded prisons, the beggars, the open vice and shameless crime, completed the barbarous picture of the past.

But the cry of freedom had at least been heard at the Westminster election. It never ceased. Year after year the elections passed on, bringing with them a gradual amelioration. The voice of the people was heard. A remarkable progress in humanity has marked the course of the century. No Mary Moodys are now hanged for stealing a few yards of linen, no frightful executions delight the savages of the city; the debtor is free; the prisons are cleansed; the vice of the day is at least unseen. Slowly as men advance, the progress is easily traced: the free election has given expression to the wants of the people, and the humane teachings of liberal America have controlled the politics of Europe.

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AN exchange says: "Nine tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint, or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases, and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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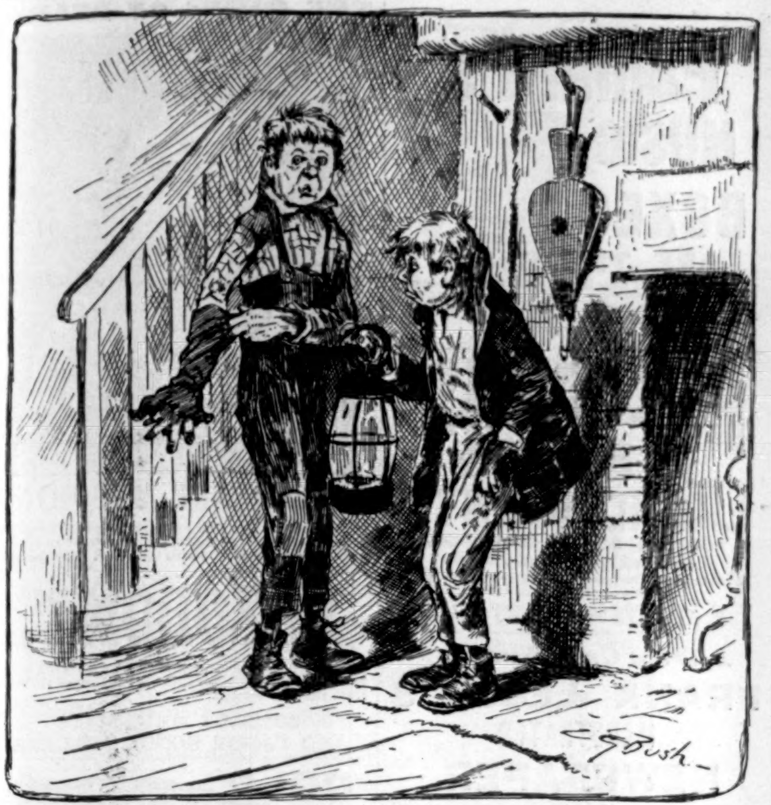

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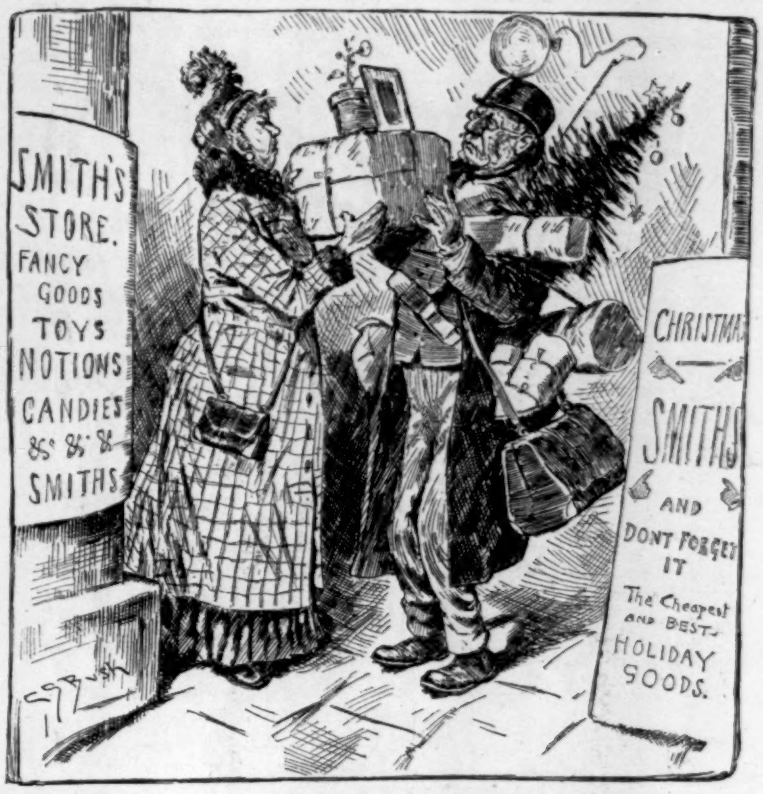
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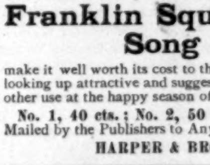

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